WASHINGTON

THROUGH THE STEREOSCOPE

1900

Mrs. C. Allison.

3628 Pershing.

WASHINGTON

THROUGH THE STEREOSCOPE

A Visit to Our National Capitol

CONDUCTED BY

RUFUS ROCKWELL WILSON

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INTRODUCTION BY

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Ex-Speaker of Congress

(See Pocket in Back Cover for Five Patent Maps)

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INTRODUCTION

I have derived both profit and enjoyment from "Washington Through the Stereoscope," and I shall keep it conveniently at hand for constant use and reference. I have long been aware that stereographs, properly used, give the same impressions, convey the same ideas and awaken the same emotions that would come to one in the presence of actual places; but never have I found this so strikingly true as in the case of Washington. With the admirably devised maps to show me exactly where I take each standpoint, the direction in which I am looking, and the distance over which my eyes are ranging, and with Mr. Wilson's accurate and adequate comments as I stand in one place after another, I find I am able to visit Washington and recall a thousand moving and inspiring associations without leaving my own library.

For these reasons I believe "Washington Through the Stereoscope" has a wide and permanent field of usefulness. A more stimulating and quickening aid to education cannot be placed in the hands of the people, especially of our youth. It should have a place in every school where attention is given to our national history. That history for more than a hundred years has had Washington for its brain and heart; and this truth comes home to one with com-

pelling force when he makes his first visit to the Capitol. Such a visit, however brief, is a remarkable stimulus to patriotism and good citizenship. My own first visit to Washington remains, after the lapse of more than three score years, one of the most memorable experiences in my whole life, for from it dated a new and far deeper interest in our country's past, and a firmer faith and a warmer pride in its future.

What the sight of Washington did for me I know it can do for others. If then actual bodily presence on this historic ground is for any reason impracticable, it is now entirely possible for anybody to attain for himself the most essential experiences of such a trip by the use of " Washington Through the Stereoscope." Such an opportunity is something better than gold, and my earnest hope is that, arousing as it does a vital interest in our national affairs, it will find its way into every community and be used in every school and household in our land.

Galusha A. Grow.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

The making of this book has been for the writer an educational process; it has also been one of the most delightful and instructive experiences of his life,—and all because it has taught him for the first time the true nature of the experiences one may gain by the right use of stereoscopic photographs. From boyhood he had admired the stereograph, but only with a hazy and faulty comprehension of the scientific principles upon which it was based, and without any clear idea of the qualities which separate and place it above all other forms of illustration. The writing of this book, and the study and observation involved in the task, however, have proved to him that by the use of stereographs under proper conditions it is not only possible but easy for one without leaving his own fireside to obtain the essential things which come to one in actual travel.

The making of this book has taught the writer that there is a right and a wrong way to use the stereograph. The wise traveller when visiting a new country or city makes a mental or written list of the places it is most worth his while to see, and then calls to his aid the map and the guide-book; and it is only by availing himself of the same methods and aids that one is able to realize the full possibilities of stereographs—to use them in the best way and with the largest measure of profit. This thought has governed the preparation of "Washington Through the Stereoscope," and no labor has been spared to attain the end had in mind.

There are four divisions, each essential to the other, to this Stereoscopic Tour of Washington:

We have, first, forty-two stereoscopic photographs which make it possible for us to stand in the same number of important places in and about Washington, so chosen that making use of all of them we are enabled to obtain an accurate and comprehensive conception of the city as a whole, and a first-hand and satisfying knowledge of the buildings and objects of interest which render it dear to every American.

We have, in the second place, the remarkably ingenious patent maps, which will be found inserted in a pocket in the back of the cover, by means of which one can obtain at a glance the point and the extent of vision in each stereograph, and with them the relation of each scene to every other one and to the whole city. The constant use of these maps is a matter of cardinal importance, for by it we are enabled to secure in each instance as vivid a sense of location as though we stood in reality on the spot.

In the third place, there is "The Story of Washington," to be found in the first part of this book, in which effort is made to trace in a clear and entertaining way the rise of the city from a wilderness hamlet to one of the most beautiful capitals of the world.

Fourth and finally, in the body of the book the forty-two stereoscopic scenes are treated in regular order, and in such a manner that the reader is enabled to gain experiences at every stage of his progress of actually touring the capital under the direction of a competent and inspiring guide. Thus, in this fourfold way is it made possible to obtain in one's own home an intimate personal acquaintance with the Washington of to-day and of the past—a past which makes it a part of the pround and precious heritage of every patriot.

In conclusion the writer would emphasize what has

already been implied that in these forty-two scenes in and about Washington we have not ordinary photograph prints, but, aided by the stereoscope, life-size representations, accurate in detail and proportion, of what would greet our vision if we stood on the spot. We look not on, but through the stereograph as we would through a window, and so we are affected and inspired by them in much the same measure as we would be by the realities which they represent. Anyone failing to understand or doubting these statements should write to the publishers for further literature on the subject.

Moreover, while it may be possible to stand but once in a lifetime in some cherished and storied spot, the stereograph makes it easy to return to the scene again and again, always with the certainty that there awaits us a fresh store of delightful and uplifting sensations. For those who have had the privilege of visiting Washington, therefore, "Washington Through the Stereoscope" gives the possibility of repeating this trip at will, while for the thousands who are unable to make the visit in a body, it is the only means by which they may gain experiences of actual presence in our national capital. As one psychologist has put it,

"The essential thing for us is not that we have the actual physical place or object before us, as a tourist does, rather than a picture, but that we have some at least of the same facts of consciousness, ideas and emotions, in the presence of the picture, that the tourist gains in the presence of the scene. This is entirely possible in the stereoscope."

RUFUS ROCKWELL WILSON.

New York, April, 1904.

THE STORY OF WASHINGTON.

The chief benefit to be derived from a visit to Washington is the realizing sense it gives one of the series of great events of which it has been the centre. When one stands before the spot or building where any of these events occurred, the event itself takes a more vivid shape in his mind, and he is brought in living touch with those who were actors in it. These facts render it best that this story of Washington, to be used with "Washington Through the Stereoscope," should be made to hang upon a certain section of the city as we stand before it in one of these stereographs.

But first let us get the bird's-eye view of the city afforded by the large general map of Washington in the back of this book. Spreading this map out before us, we find the federal city bounded on the south by the Potomac River and its tributary the Anacosta, which here meet and form a huge crescent, flanked on its western shore by the hills of Virginia. In the centre of the left-hand portion of the map we find ancient Georgetown, and north of it the Naval Observatory and the Zoological Park. The twin island set down in the southward sweep of the Potomac bears the name of Analostan. Arlington National Cemetery overlooks this island from the Virginia shore, and directly east of its northern end, only a few inches on the map, but really more than a mile away, is the White House or Executive Mansion, flanked on either hand by the State, War and Navy, and the Treasury Buildings. Half a mile south of the White House we find the Washington Monument, and a little less than a mile and a half to the east of that tall pile, with the Agricultural Department, the Smithsonian Institute and the National and Medical Museums between, rises the Capitol, with the Congressional Library beyond it. Another mile to the

South and west of the Capitol, and fronting the water, we find the Arsenal and Barracks, and east of these, also on the water front, are the Navy Yard and the Congressional Cemetery. Near the centre of the upper portion of the map, two miles north of the Capitol, we find the Howard University, and a little to the northeast of that, outside the northern limits of the map, the Soldiers' Home and the Catholic University of America.

A CAPITAL BUILT TO ORDER.

Now turn your attention to the Washington Monument and note particularly the two red lines which, starting from the Monument, branch out toward the north. At the end of each of these lines in the map margin we find the number 4. We are to take our position now on the Washington Monument, and look north over the territory lying between those two lines.

Let us place stereograph No. 4, "*From Washington Monument (N.), the White House, Treasury, and State Department,*" in the stereoscope and bring the stereoscope to our eyes.

This is Washington. We are standing on the top of the Washington Monument looking north. We are in our National Capital. The Potomac is behind us and to our left, Georgetown is in front of us and to our left, and to our right the Capitol. All these are hidden from view, but before us, spread out at our feet, is the White House, guarded on the west by the mammoth State, War and Navy Building and on the east by the Treasury Building. Could we have stood here less than six score years ago how different would have been this scene before us. Then we should have seen down here at our feet nothing but lowlands covered with underbrush or alder; farther away wooded slopes partly tilled by a few farmers, and in the distant hilltops thickly sprinkled with scrub oaks. Thus, as you think of the changes wrought by the years you will not be surprised to learn that this City of Washington, like St. Petersburg, is a city built to order. The selection of a site for a permanent capital fell to the First Congress, then sitting in

New York, and in July, 1790, an act was passed and approved which gave to President Washington the sole power to select a site, not exceeding ten miles square, on the River Potomac, "for the permanent seat of the government of the United States." The site chosen by Washington, in accordance with this act, included, besides the village of Georgetown in Maryland, a portion of Virginia with the town of Alexandria. Maryland and Virginia duly transferred to the United States the territory required, but in 1846 that portion of the district lying to the west of the Potomac was retroceded by Congress to Virginia, so that now the federal territory comprises sixty-four square miles, bounded on three sides by Maryland and on the fourth by the Potomac. (See Map No. 1.)

This site on which the present city is built, covering the lower portion of the district, had been familiar to Washington from his boyhood, and he had long cherished the idea of a great commercial city here, with the navigable Potomac, reaching to the sea, to help it in the race for supremacy. We can, therefore, readily believe that it was with more than his usual zeal and hopefulness that, early in 1791, little more than a century ago, he came here and set about the work of transforming this isolated tract of farm land into a centre of legislation for half a continent. The private owners of the land, after some delay, joined in an agreement to convey to the government, out of their farms, all the lands needed for streets, avenues, and public reservations, free of cost. They also agreed to sell the land needed for public buildings and improvements for $125 an acre. All the rest the government divided into building lots and apportioned between itself and the owners. The small lots were to be sold by the government, and from the proceeds payment made for the large ones. Thus, without advancing a dollar, and at a total cost of $36,000, the government acquired a tract here of six hundred acres in the heart of the city which now represents a value of seventy million dollars. This bargain, if no other, proves Washington a shrewd man of affairs.

THE DESIGNER OF WASHINGTON.

His next step was to select three commissioners to have entire charge of the surveying and laying out of this whole district and the erection of the necessary public buildings. Daniel Carroll and Thomas Johnson, of Maryland, and David Stuart, of Virginia, were named as such commissioners, and on April 15, 1791, laid the first boundary stone of the District at Jones's Point (see Map No. 1), on the Virginia side of the Potomac. Meantime, Major Pierre Charles L'Enfant, a skilful military engineer, who had come to America in the train of Lafayette, had been selected by Washington to draw the plan of "the new federal town," to which, about the same time, Carroll and his associates decided to give the name of Washington—this without the knowledge of the President, but with the hearty approval of Congress and the people.

Major L'Enfant devoted the spring and summer of 1791 to elaborating his plans for the projected city. He had to contend with current ideas of art and governmental expenditure that were provincial and narrow to the last degree, but this handicap, and it was a serious one, did not prevent him from rising to the full possibilities of his task. Thus, he planned not for thirteen States and three millions of people, but for a republic of fifty States and five hundred millions; not for a single century, but for a thousand years. Some of those to whose opinions he was compelled to give heed wanted the city laid out in a regularity of squares, with all the streets intersecting at right angles. L'Enfant made the chessboard squares demanded of him, but he also, as we can see, put in so many avenues running at acute angles, that the monotonous effect was happily destroyed, and a way left open to make the capital the magnificent city it has since become. This compromise effected, L'Enfant fixed upon a broad plateau in the eastern section as a site for the Capitol, and then located the other buildings in the section that lies at our feet—an arrangement desired by Washington, who, it is interesting to know, held to the opinion

that if Congress and the Executive officers were located close together, the latter would be so annoyed by the former that they would have to take their business home in order to keep up with it.

The first ceremony having to do with the White House occurred on October 13, 1792. A company gathered out there and laid the cornerstone. The cornerstone of the north wing of the Capitol was laid on September 18, 1793, but, such was the poverty and economy of the time, needed funds were secured only when the Commissioners of the District had added their individual guarantee to that of the government. After that, work on the Capitol and White House made fair progress; two other public buildings were begun and pushed towards completion. One of these, known as the Treasury Department Building, occupied a portion of the site we now see covered by the present Treasury Building, while the War Office, as the other building was called, occupied the site where to the left of the White House we see the present State, War and Navy Building. Building a capital to order, nevertheless, proved a slow and difficult task for the infant nation, and when, in 1799, Washington last beheld the city that lies before us it was a straggling settlement in the woods, almost wholly devoid of streets, with thirty or forty residences,—these, for the most part, small and uncomfortable,—an unfinished Capitol and President's house.

New York was the first federal capital, and remained so for little more than a year—1789-1790. After that Philadelphia was for ten years the seat of government. The removal of the capital from Philadelphia to Washington occurred in May, 1800, and in November of the same year John Adams, second President of the republic, and his wife, the famous Abigail Adams, took up their residence down there in the White House, which looked then very much as it does now. They gave their first public reception on New Year's Day, 1801, and, despite the social poverty and material discomfort of the infant city, the guests which then assembled over yonder in the White House included more than a score

of men of intellect and renown. Among them was John Marshall, Secretary of State in the cabinet of Adams, and soon to become the greatest of our Chief Justices; Samuel Dexter, Secretary of War and one of the really great constitutional lawyers of his day; and Attorney-General Theophilus Parsons, no less famous for his acrid wit than for his extraordinary attainments as a scholar and jurist. Thomas Jefferson was then Vice-President, and among the Senators over whose deliberations he presided, and who came with him on that day to pay their respects to the President and his lady, were Jonathan Mason, Gouverneur Morris, Charles Pinckney, and brave and brainful John Eager Howard, who at the battle of Cowpens had led the desperate bayonet charge which assured a patriot victory. The House must also have had brilliant representation at this first White House reception, for dignified and elegant Theodore Sedgwick was then its Speaker, while its membership included the venerable General Thomas Sumter, Harrison Gray Otis, Edward Livingston, Albert Gallatin, James A. Bayard and John Randolph, now in the first year of his quarter-century of Congressional service, but already noted for his poetic eloquence and dreaded for his scathing wit.

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON AND THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE.

In March, 1801, Jefferson succeeded Adams as President, and, being re-elected, resided over there in the White House for eight years. The Louisiana Purchase, which doubled the area of the United States, remains the great measure of his Administration, but it was a period of rapid and uninterrupted national growth. The city before us during those years grew to be a town of 5,000 inhabitants. The President showed keen interest in its future, and did much to improve it, causing Pennsylvania Avenue (which we see flanking the south front of the Treasury Building) to be opened and planted with trees, and also hastening the completion of the White House and the enlargement of the Capitol. Four Congresses ran their course while Jefferson was President, and each of them brought bril-

liant accessions to the Senate and the House. Among the new members of the former body were John Quincy Adams, De Witt Clinton, James A. Bayard, William H. Crawford and Henry Clay, who, in 1806, was sent here by Kentucky to serve out an unexpired term, being chosen, in 1809, to complete another term of two years. He was then a young man of thirty, but already fairly started upon the career which gave him quick supremacy and kept him long in the public eye. During the next forty years Clay, besides serving in the Senate, was five times Speaker of the House, held the portfolio of State, rendered eminent service as a diplomat, and was thrice nominated for the Presidency. Aaron Burr served as Vice-President during Jefferson's first term, and from 1805 to 1812 that office was held by George Clinton. Jefferson's cabinet, with two exceptions, was made up of respectable and now forgotten mediocrities. The exceptions were Albert Gallatin, Secretary of the Treasury, and James Madison, Secretary of State.

PRESIDENT MADISON AND THE SECOND WAR WITH ENGLAND.

Madison from the first stood out as the logical successor to the Presidency, and could we have stood on March 4, 1809, where we are now standing we should have seen a great multitude thronging the White House grounds to pay their respects to the new Chief Executive and his wife, the renowned and beloved Dolly Madison, the daughter of sober Quaker parents, who had found her an equally sober Quaker husband, this before, a widow just turned twenty, she became the wife of Madison. Nature, however, had amply endowed her for the position she was to fill. She had tact, frankness and a noble nature, and these, with a tenacious memory that never lost a name, won her the love of every class of people. Until her dying day, and she lived long, she was Washington's society heroine.

Washington Irving spent the winter of 1811 here, and over Pennsylvania Avenue, which we can see stretching westward from the north front of the State,

War and Navy Building, came more than once from Georgetown to attend the White House receptions.

"Mrs. Madison," he wrote, in one of his letters, "is a fine, portly, buxom dame, who has a smile and a pleasant word for everybody . . . but as for Jemmy Madison,—ah! poor Jemmy!—he is but a withered little apple-John." Among the men with whom Irving must often have touched elbows at Mrs. Madison's "at homes" were Joseph Story, of Massachusetts, who served on the bench of the Supreme Court from 1811 to 1843, and during that time stood second only to Marshall as an interpreter of the Constitution; Senator Rufus King, of New York, who always appeared clad in eighteenth century dress,—satin coat and waistcoat, knee breeches, silken hose, and low shoes; and John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, who entered the House in 1811 to speedily become a leader in national affairs. Calhoun sat in the House until 1817, and then for seven years was Secretary of War under Monroe. In 1831 he resigned the Vice-Presidency, to which he had been twice elected, to enter the Senate, and ten years later became Secretary of State in Tyler's cabinet. During the remainder of his days he was again a Senator.

The second war with England, due to British aggressions on American commerce, was the chief event of Madison's Administration. Acting under the mandate of Congress, Madison, from his office in the upper story of the White House,—the southwest room whose windows peer at us above the trees,—issued a formal declaration of war on June 18, 1812. The nation, however, was ill-prepared to cope with a formidable enemy. Though there was soon a long list of brilliant victories achieved at sea, the record of land operations was one of almost unbroken disaster, and when in 1814, the British ministry offered to negotiate for peace, the offer was at once accepted, and five commissioners were appointed to meet England's representatives at Ghent.

Meanwhile, in August, 1814, a British fleet entered the Chesapeake, and 4,500 soldiers and marines effected a landing on the Potomac, forty miles below where we

are standing. No attempt was made to check the advance of the British until on August 24 they had passed east of the city and reached Bladensburg. There battle was given them by 5,000 militiamen and 900 regulars under General William H. Winder, but the militia fled at the first fire, nor could their officers again rally them to the attack. Thus left unsupported, the American regulars were quickly overpowered, and the British continued their advance upon Washington without further check or hindrance. They entered the city in the evening over the hills we see off to the right, and making their way southward applied the torch to the Capitol. An hour later only the walls were left of the beautiful structure that had been half a lifetime in building.

After this the invaders came on here to the White House, which they found unoccupied, for the President and his wife, along with the members of the Cabinet and a large part of the populace had already fled the city. Disappointed in the hope of capturing the President, they fired the mansion we now see bathed in sunshine, and the Treasury Building beside it, and then, marching away across the mall at our feet, went into camp for the night on Capitol Hill. The following day the work of destruction was resumed, and nothing was spared that could be considered public property or put to public use. But, while this fell work was still in progress, rumors spread through the British camp that an army 12,000 strong was on the way from Virginia to recapture the city. Orders to retire were accordingly given, and, being still unopposed, the enemy regained their ships on August 29, but not before they had written one of the darkest pages in our national history.

President Madison, who had been hiding in Virginia, returned on the morrow of the departure of the British, and for the time being took up his residence in a house which still stands at the corner of New York Avenue and Eighteenth Street, directly west of the mall spread out at our feet. It was in that house that on February 18, 1815, he signed the proclamation of the Treaty

of Ghent, which ended the war with England, and had, in fact, been in the process of making when Washington was laid waste by the foe. Two years later Madison's second term as President came to an end. He was succeeded by James Monroe, whose eight years in the White House, which with the Capitol had been promptly rebuilt, lives in history as the Era of Good Feeling.

This period witnessed the passage by Congress of what was known as the Missouri Compromise,—an act providing that slavery should not exist north of the southern boundary line of Missouri, and it brought here two statesmen of great and enduring renown—Daniel Webster and Thomas H. Benton. Webster entered the House in 1813, and in 1827 was elected to the seat in the Senate, which he held until 1841; he became Secretary of State in Harrison's cabinet, continuing in that office under Tyler until his resignation in May, 1843. He was re-elected to the Senate in 1845, but left it at the end of five years to become Fillmore's Secretary of State, which post he held until his death in the early autumn of 1852. His was the master mind of his era, and he lacked but a stronger character to have become the greatest name in our political history. Benton entered the Senate from Missouri in 1820, and he remained for thirty years a member of that body. His great ability made him from the first an important factor in the affairs of the Senate, and, with rigid devotion to principle, won for him, as time went on, a measure of popular confidence that the more brilliant but vacillating talents of a Clay, a Calhoun, or a Webster could not command.

THE REIGN OF ANDREW JACKSON.

After Monroe, John Quincy Adams served a single term as President, and then came the two terms of the masterful man whose period of service has come to be known as the Reign of Andrew Jackson. Could we have joined the crowd which thronged the mall below us on March 4, 1829, and jostled one another in their eagerness to grasp the hand of the new President, we should

have beheld in the object of their regard a figure tall, spare, erect and commanding, with features worn and seamed but fixed and strong; steady, deep-set, piercing eyes shadowed by shaggy brows, and lips which, save in their kindlier moods, had always a firm and defiant expression, a shock of bristling white hair, lending an appropriate crown to a bearing and individuality no stranger could meet without startling recognition.

With a single exception, the issues which made Jackson's eight years in the White House a period of turmoil and continuing battle have little interest for men of a later time, but the fact remains that the frontier planter, lawyer and soldier, who dwelt during the greater part of his life in comparative obscurity, was one of those masterful figures who appear in high places only once or twice in a century. When Hayne, of South Carolina, angered by a tariff act which bore heavily on the agricultural South, declared in the Senate that a State could refuse assent to any act of Congress that she might deem unconstitutional or inimical to her interest, and Webster replied to him in the master-speech of his life, the latter's demonstration that nullification would destroy the Union found its strongest champion in Jackson. With Jackson to think was to act, and, when in November, 1832, a State convention in South Carolina passed an ordinance nullifying existing tariff laws, and prohibiting the payment of any dues under them, the President at once took up the gauntlet of defiance thus thrown down. He sent General Scott to take command at Charleston, with troops nearby and gunboats at hand, and issued a proclamation declaring the act of South Carolina contradictory to the Constitution and destructive of its aims. Then Clay stepped into the breach, and introduced a Congress bill revising the tariff, which was accepted by the nullifiers, and became a law, known as the Compromise of 1833. The South Carolina Convention, without delay, rescinded the nullification ordinance; and thus the struggle of sections was put off for a generation. But how acute was the crisis averted by Clay is revealed in one of Jackson's last recorded utterances.

A friend asked him what he would have done with the South Carolina leaders had they persisted in their defiance of the Government. "Hanged them, sir, as high as Haman," said the dying man with eyes aflame. "They should have been a terror to traitors for all time."

Not only was Jackson strong enough with the people to secure his re-election in 1832, but four years later he was able to name Martin Van Buren as his successor in the Presidency. The Washington which Van Buren knew was a very different city from the one which lies around us. It was still a struggling village. "There was not a paved street, and the sidewalks were very imperfect, while the crossings from one side of the street to the other were formed of narrow flagstones, and the gutters of cobblestones rendered necessary to carry off the drainage, which at that time was entirely upon the surface. There were no carriages, omnibuses nor conveyances of any sort, no gas-light and no water, except what was taken from the pumps distributed over the city. A pump would often get out of order, and that always created trouble in the neighborhood, not only with the families, but with the servants, who had to travel off a square or two to find a pump and get water for domestic wants. The lighting was with oil lamps, sparsely distributed, and on dark nights the population had to grope their way about town as best they could."

PRESIDENT HARRISON AND HIS SUCCESSORS.

Van Buren had had long experience in public life, and he was one of the ablest of our Presidents, but his four years here in the White House were troubled ones. He was unjustly held responsible for the severe financial panic of 1837, and though his hold upon the machinery of his party was strong enough to secure him a renomination by the Democrats in 1840, he was overwhelmingly defeated by General William Henry Harrison, the candidate of the Whigs. Harrison, however, died suddenly at the end of his first month in office. His term was served out by Vice-President John Tyler, who, though elected as a Whig, early broke with the

leaders of that party, and this breach led in 1844 to the election of James K. Polk, a Democrat, as his successor. The most noteworthy event of Tyler's Administration was the annexation of Texas, and this led during the Presidency of Polk to the war with Mexico, which added to the United States the wide stretch of territory since divided up into California, Nevada, Arizona and New Mexico.

This sudden swelling of the southern portion of the Union, and its attendant possibilities, made the slavery question an overshadowing issue in national politics. Both of the old parties, however, sought to compromise with it in the Presidential campaign of 1848. The Whigs chose as their candidate General Zachary Taylor, a slave-holder, while the Democrats named General Lewis Cass, a Northern man acceptable to the slaveholders. Martin Van Buren consented to become the candidate of the anti-slavery men, and his defection from the Democracy sealed the fate of Cass, Taylor receiving a large majority in the Electoral College. But the new President, the scarred veteran of many battles, served little more than a year, his death occurring on July 9, 1850. Five days before he had sat in the sun at the foot of this monument during the delivery of two long and tedious orations, and on his return to the White House had partaken freely of iced milk and cherries. That evening he was seized with violent cramps. This was on Thursday, but he did not consider himself dangerously ill until Sunday, when he said to his attendants, "In two days I shall be a dead man." Eminent physicians hastily summoned could not arrest the fever which supervened, and on Thursday morning came the end. "You have fought a good fight, but you cannot make a stand," said the dying man to one of the physicians at his bedside. "I have tried to do my duty," he murmured a moment later, and with these words peacefully breathed his last.

Vice-President Millard Fillmore now became President, and a few months later gave his approval to the attempt to settle the slavery question known as the Compromise of 1850. During this period, Clay, Cal-

houn and Webster passed from the stage here, and their places were taken by a new group of statesmen. Prominent among these new comers were Stephen A. Douglas and Lyman Trumbull, of Illinois; John P. Hale, of New Hampshire; Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi; General Sam Houston, of Texas; Ben Wade and Salmon P. Chase, of Ohio; Hannibal Hamlin and William P. Fessenden, of Maine; Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee; Alexander H. Stephens and Robert Toombs, of Georgia; Charles Sumner and Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts; David Wilmot and Galusha A. Grow, of Pennsylvania, and William H. Seward, of New York, who came to the Senate in 1849 by way of the governorship of his State. Seward had already won more than local repute as an orator, and in the field of national politics he at once made his influence felt. No man forestalled him in accurate perception of the drift and goal of the slave power or in announcing what he saw. His utterances on the great issues of the time soon came to be listened to with breathless interest by the whole nation; their dignity, calmness and cogency gave them weight which created or changed opinion.

The cornerstone of the great shaft from which we are taking our first view of Washington was laid on Independence Day, 1848, and on the same day in 1851, under the supervision of Thomas Walter, was begun the work of giving the Capitol its present form by the construction of a white marble addition at each end of the old building, with porticoes proportioned to those of the centre structure. The work of reconstruction went on without interruption until May, 1861, when the Government ordered it to be suspended, but patriotic contractors continued operations at their own expense and risk, and the sound of the hammer upon the Capitol did not cease during the Civil War. During 1865 both wings were completed, and the interior of the dome was finished. Walter's long and exacting task was done, and he retired to his Pennsylvania home, leaving behind him a Capitol that, with all its minor faults, is a structure worthy of the republic.

THE ENTRANCE OF THE REPUBLICANS.

Fillmore, the last of the Whig Presidents, was succeeded in 1853 by Franklin Pierce, who gave way at the end of a single term to James Buchanan. During the eight years covered by the Administrations of Pierce and Buchanan that white mansion below us was in an especial sense the nerve centre of the nation. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise in 1854 by a bill which provided that in future the people of each Territory, whether north or south of the line laid down in 1820, should admit or exclude slavery as they might determine by vote, was followed by the formation of the Republican Party, which, pledged to the non-extension of slavery, in 1860 scored its first national triumph in the election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency. Then came the secession of the Southern States, and the opening of the Civil War.

Washington during the first days of that struggle underwent a brief period of isolation and of seeming peril. The disloyal element in Maryland, within the week of the fall of Fort Sumter, burned many of the bridges on the railroads running from Baltimore to Harrisburg and Philadelphia, and destroyed the telegraph lines, thus completely cutting off Washington from communication with the North. Could we have crossed the mall at our feet and paid a visit to the White House during that period of isolation we should have found it guarded by a company of volunteers, while in the unoccupied spaces of the Treasury Building off there to the right, a regiment of clerks, organized for its defence, drilled from early morning until nightfall. We should also have found batteries placed in commanding positions, guards stationed at every approach to the city, and all the public buildings, including school houses, barricaded.

Washington's isolation ended at noon of Thursday, April 25, when the whistle of a locomotive broke the silence that brooded over the city. Half an hour later, could we have stood where we are standing now, we should have seen the Seventh New York, travel-stained

and dirty, but flanked by cheering crowds, marching from the railroad station to the White House, there to be reviewed by the President. It was followed next morning by the Eighth Massachusetts, which found quarters in the Capitol, and the same day brought the First Rhode Island. Thenceforward regiments poured in unceasingly, and the Washington which lies around us changed almost in a day from a sleepy Southern town to a city of camps and hospitals. In November of 1861 an army of 152,000 men was encamped in and around the city. Another year found this host increased to 200,000 men, while a score of hospitals sheltered twice as many thousand sick and wounded soldiers, and 150 forts and batteries, mounting upward of 1,200 guns, guarded the several approaches to the city.

The fate of the nation was trembling in the balance, and in his office out there to the left, where now we see the State, War and Navy Building, Edwin M. Stanton, the great Secretary of War, was doing the work that gives him a foremost place among the saviors of the Union. Stanton, a man of iron will and heroic mold, who to wonderful talent for administration added the rare gift of bending strong men to his aims, was controlled only by one purpose, and that was the utter overthrow of the rebellion. The grasp of his nervous hand on the lever was felt in every part of the vast war machine; he mastered not only the many sided affairs of his department, but the details of military movement and strategy, and he knew how to choose the most efficient agent for the particular task in hand. The human unit had small place in his plans; men had suffered and died; more must do the same, while blows were rained, to the last fibre of power, upon the armed foe. Yet he had always a ready ear for the sick or wounded soldier, the plainly dressed woman, the aged of either sex, and he gave proof on one occasion that beneath a grim exterior beat the tenderest of hearts.

A wounded drummer-boy, discharged for disability from a Washington hospital, was told that he could not receive his pay and transportation home because

his " description papers " had not arrived from the front. He waited for weeks, and then one morning made bold to approach Secretary Stanton, as the latter was leaving his home, and lay his case before him. The Secretary bade the boy follow his carriage to the War Office, at the same time advising the coachman to drive more slowly than usual. Carriage and drummer-boy arrived at the entrance to the War Department at the same moment. Stanton, beckoning the lad to follow him, entered the door of the first room that he came to, seated himself at a vacant desk, seized pen and paper, and wrote thereon a peremptory order to have the drummer-boy's account ascertained from the best data, and then paid. This done, he rose from his seat, shook the little fellow's hand, and said: " Give my regards, my boy, to your mother, and to all good mothers in her neighborhood who have their sons at the front. God bless you. Good-by! "

But the noblest figure of that mighty era was the President, Abraham Lincoln. During his first days here, the great war President found delight in sunrise visits from the White House yonder to the camps and hospitals in and around the city. He was generally unattended in these rambles, probably from choice, as he was thus enabled to mingle freely with the soldiers, and to make himself familiar with their needs and condition. Now and again, in these first days, he would find time for an unannounced visit to one of the departments in the discharge of some helpful task which he did not elect to intrust to others. However, the President's working hours, after the midsummer of 1861, were nearly all passed in his office, a large room in the southeast corner of the second story of the White House, whose windows blink at us through the sunshine. Lincoln stood often at those windows, and gazed upon the Potomac and the camp-strewed Virginia hills. Those seeking audience with the President found themselves in the presence of a tall, melancholy-appearing man, who listened to all who came with gentle patience. It was his rule to receive callers, save on days when the Cabinet met, from nine until two o'clock.

It was a rule, however, more honored in the breach than in the observance. Visitors found their way into his presence from early morning until late at night, and even his sleeping hours were not free from their importunities. Lincoln was from the first the personal friend of every soldier he sent to the front, and from the first also every soldier seemed to divine, as if by intuition, that he had Lincoln's heart. Stories of how the President interfered personally to secure some right or favor for the man afoot with the gun on his shoulder, steadily found their way to the army, and, as the war went on and battle followed battle, the wounded veteran hobbling across the mall at our feet, and entering the White House unattended became a sight too familiar to cause remark. None came away without cheer or help of some kind, and in all parts of the country little cards are treasured by private soldiers, each of which bears witness to some kindly act performed or requested by the President.

THE END OF THE CIVIL WAR AND AFTER.

Lincoln was re-elected to the Presidency in the autumn of 1864, and in the following spring came Lee's surrender to Grant and the end of the war. The news that the Army of Northern Virginia had at last laid down its arms reached here in the early morning of April 10, 1865, and could we have stood on that day in any of the streets below us we should have found each and all of them filled from sunrise until sunset with laughing, joyful crowds. There was a salute of 500 guns ordered by the Secretary of War, and, though it was a rainy day and the streets were thick with mud, there was marching, cheering, singing and speech-making without end. The following night a great throng gathered in front of the White House and was addressed by the President. It was the last speech of his life—a great leader's parting message to his people. When those grouped about him gazed again upon Lincoln's face he had become the gentlest memory in our history.

The story of the murder of the President on the

night of April 14, the madman's deed which turned the nation's joy to grief, will be told in another place. (See page 50.) The following morning the body of the dead President was reverently laid in an upper chamber of the White House, and thence it was carried after a few days for the mighty funeral which reached to its last resting place in Illinois. Lincoln was succeeded in the Presidency by Andrew Johnson, and later years have seen that Executive mansion filled in turn by Ulysses S. Grant, Rutherford B. Hayes, James A. Garfield, Chester A. Arthur, Grover Cleveland, Benjamin Harrison, William McKinley, and the present incumbent, Theodore Roosevelt. They have also witnessed the foul assassination of two of Lincoln's successors—Garfield and McKinley; the reconstruction of the Union and its expansion to far islands of the sea; and the transformation of Washington into the beautiful city that lies around us—a capital worthy of the republic.

Forty years ago this federal city was little better than an overgrown town, far inferior to many State capitals in beauty, size and comfort. There were no regular grades throughout the city; most of its walks and avenues were unpaved and ill-kept; the Capitol and the present department buildings were unfinished or not yet begun; weeds grew in the parks and commons, and where now we see wide reaches of lawn, flanking the White House, were stables, wooden fences and patches of bare earth. The Civil War, however, wrought a complete and gratifying change in the hitherto unfortunate city. Its population of 70,000 in 1860 nearly doubled in a single decade, and, with the return of peace, a movement was set on foot by a few liberal citizens to rescue it from the ancient ruts of indifference and sloth. Congress early in 1871 established a new form of government for the District, with governor, legislature and delegates to Congress. A board of public works was also created, with Alexander R. Shepherd as chairman.

This remarkable man, who soon succeeded to the governorship, proved equal in every way to the task

before him. A native of Washington, first a prosperous master plumber, and later a large and successful operator in real estate, he knew every inch of his city, and was an enthusiastic believer in the future which waited upon the adequate development of its natural advantages. He was, moreover, a man of indomitable perseverance, and unusual executive ability. Governor Shepherd, in carrying out one of the most comprehensive schemes of municipal improvement ever conceived, followed the professional advice of Alexander B. Mullett, a skilful architect, under whose supervision the Treasury Building down there to our right had lately taken on its present shape and dimensions, and who afterward planned and built the splendid State, War and Navy Building over there to our left. Attention was first given to the construction of proper sewerage, water and gas systems for the city, and the close of 1873 saw the accomplishment of this triple task. Meantime, the streets within the city limits were raised or lowered to uniform grade, paved with wood, concrete or Belgian block, and then planted with no less than 25,000 shade trees, whose subsequent growth, as we can see, has given Washington the appearance of a city built in a forest.

Into a space of less than three years Shepherd and his lieutenants injected the delayed activity of three-quarters of a century, creating the Washington that lies around us. The effect of their labors was at once seen in a rapid increase in population, and an even more rapid rise in real estate values; but Shepherd had done his work roughly and hastily, though thoroughly, and had created the while a numerous body of powerful and active enemies, who, keenly alive to the large indebtedness it created, failed, on the other hand, to appreciate the beneficial and abiding results it insured. He was given no credit for his successes, and only curses for his failures, and, though not a dishonest dollar was discovered to bear witness against him, he was driven from office in disgrace and virtually ostracised in the city he had done more than any other to make beautiful and prosperous.

Shepherd's downfall, however, in the end resulted in lasting benefit to his city. Congress in 1874 abolished the form of government under which the remaking of the capital had been carried forward, and with it the elective franchise. The affairs of the district were at the same time lodged in the hands of a board of three commissioners appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate. Congress since then has paid half the taxes, and the salaries of all officials appointed by the President; all others are paid by the District of Columbia. Thus for nearly thirty years taxation without representation has obtained in the national capital, yet it is generally admitted that for the District of Columbia the present form of government is the best possible. Free from scandal of every sort, successive boards of commissioners of ability and character have administered the affairs of the District during the past twenty-eight years more efficiently and economically than the affairs of any other American municipality have been administered, and to such general satisfaction that there has been no lasting criticism.

Washington under the present form of government has doubled in population and in wealth; nor has there been any break in the process of making it the most beautiful of capitals. Many of its later residents have been people of wealth or of fixed incomes, drawn hither by its superior attractions, while it has also grown to be the favorite resting-place for retired government officers, especially of the army and navy, and a frequented workshop for literary men in all branches of their profession. Thence has sprung the erection of an increasing number of private residences which lend to Washington one of its most pervading charms. A majority of these houses are to be found in the now fashionable West End, which lies in front and to the left of us, and which less than thirty years ago was an unattractive waste given over to negro squatters. To-day, as we can see, its former swamps and hillocks are covered with miles of elegant residences.

The work of beautifying the city promises to continue for many years to come, and there has lately

been perfected a most comprehensive scheme for the development of its present park system, to be prosecuted during a long period, and which will involve the reclamation of large areas of swamp land along the Potomac behind us and several islands in that river. Broad boulevards are to be cut through the mall at our feet and the Botanical Gardens to the right of us, pass the Capitol, and sweep around the terraced bank of the Potomac to the heights of the Anacostia, from which point the park system, with its boulevards, will be extended northward, skirting the city, to the Maryland line, and then around the semicircle to Georgetown. Coincident with this work, it is proposed to carry to completion the present system of streets and avenues, to bring water into the city to supply a projected group of fountains, and to indicate proper sites for additional statues and public buildings. Thus, many of those who with me are now taking their first view of Washington, doubtless, will live to see it take on a new and surpassing charm giving it in beauty and outward attractiveness what it already enjoys in political importance,—the foremost place among the capitals of the world.

Almost within sight of the capital which he called into being lie the remains of Washington, guarded by a grateful people with reverence and care, but no stone marks L'Enfant's grave at Bladensburg, beyond those northern hills which shut off our range of vision. None is needed, for the city that he planned remains his monument and epitaph.

HOW TO SEE WASHINGTON THROUGH THE STEREOSCOPE

First, move the slide, or carrier, which holds the stereograph to the point on the shaft of the stereoscope where the objects in the scene can be seen most distinctly.

Second, have a strong steady light on the stereograph. This is often best obtainable by sitting with one side to the window or lamp, letting the light fall over the shoulder.

Third, hold the stereoscope with the hood close against the forehead and temples, shutting off entirely all immediate surroundings. The more unconscious you are of things close about you, the stronger will be your feelings of actual presence in the scenes you are studying.

Fourth, make constant use of the special patented maps in the back of this book. First, read the statements in regard to the location on the appropriate maps of a place you are about to see. Turn to the particular map referred to, Washington, the Capitol, or the White House and Vicinity, and find the encircled red number and the diverging red lines which show exactly what standpoint you are about to take in Washington through the stereoscope and what is to be the direction and range of your vision. Then, as you turn to the scene, think intently of your position in Washington, the direction in which you are looking and of your surroundings—the places of importance, not only in front of you, but to your right or left or behind you. It intensifies one's experience greatly to make hand-motions or to point, while keeping your head in the stereoscope, toward these places of interest. Then read whatever is said about the scene in the handbook. You will need to turn several times from the text to the scene and vice versa where there are many details to be discovered.

Fifth, do not hurry too rapidly from one place to the next. Don't think you can really see them all at one sitting. Better visit a few and read the references and think them over and then take a few more.

Remember that, while ordinary illustrations usually supplement the text, in this instance these stereographed scenes of Washington are the real text, and all that is said in regard to these scenes is only a supplement to them.

WASHINGTON

One of the most gratefully remembered moments of my life was when I saw Washington for the first time. Since then I have dwelt there, and have visited it many times. And now again, with you, I am to see our national capital, and act as your guide through its streets and to its historic places, for with our eyes shut in by the hood of the stereoscope we may have a distinct sense or experience of location here and there in Washington, and be thrilled with many of the same emotions one would have were he actually on the spot.

It is necessary, however, that we should first attain a clear sense of our location in each place seen through the stereoscope, just where on the earth's surface we are standing, in which direction we are looking and then what our surroundings must be. Accordingly, let us turn to our large map of Washington (Map No. 2) and glance for a moment in the upper right-hand corner at a general map of the United States. We find that Washington is on the north bank of the Potomac, seventy miles from the Atlantic. The State of Maryland lies north of it and south of it the State of Virginia. North and east of it at varying distances are Baltimore, Philadelphia and Boston. St. Louis is a thousand miles to the west, and Chicago an equal distance to the northwest, so that if we live in the chief city of the middle West we must journey a day and a night in order to visit the national capital.

These facts clearly and firmly fixed in our mind, let us turn our attention to the plan of Washington on this Map No. 2, and locate the point from which we are to take our first view of the city. Note a circle, with the figure 1 in it, both in red, a little to the south of the south bank of the Anacostia River (just outside the map margin). At this place is situated the National Asylum for the Insane. Notice also two red lines which start from this point, and, spreading apart, extend toward the northwest. We are to stand first at the place from which these two lines diverge, that is in front of the National Asylum for the Insane, and look across the Anacostia or Eastern Branch of the Potomac at that particular portion of Washington which the lines enclose.

Position 1. The Centre of the Nation's Life,— Washington, N.N.W., across E. Branch of River to the Capitol, U.S.A.

And this is Washington! for more than a hundred years the heart and nerve-centre of our national life, endeared by a thousand moving and heroic associations to uncounted millions of men. Washington was its founder; Adams, Jefferson and Madison were the guardians of its struggling and doubtful infancy; out there, little over a mile from us, Webster, Clay and Calhoun won the fame and did the work that have now become an inseparable part of our history; there began the real rule of the people under Jackson's masterful leadership; there was waged the long contest as to whether the nation should be bond or free; and there centered the desperate and finally successful struggle to save it from dismemberment.

Memories like these make this city before us part of the proud and precious heritage of every American; and

what a goodly city it is as we see it now bathed in sunshine! Directly before us, looming up against the horizon, is the great white dome of the Capitol, the stateliest home ever provided for the lawmakers of a mighty people. A little farther to the right we discover the dome of the Library of Congress, which has already become to America what the British Museum is to England, what the National Library is to France. The Washington Monument, the most imposing single object of great dimensions erected by modern hands, and the White House, flanked by the State and Treasury Buildings, are situated outside the range of our vision on the left. Washington is divided into four quarters, North East, South East, North West and South West, whose corners come together at the Capitol. The quarter directly in front of us is known as Washington South West, and is occupied in the main by working people.

Many of the residents of Washington South West are employed in the Navy Yard, on the opposite bank of this Eastern Branch of the Potomac. This Navy Yard is nearly as old as Washington itself. It was founded in 1800, when John Adams was President, but when, in 1814, the British captured Washington, the yard was destroyed by fire to keep the ships and supplies stored there from falling into the hands of the invaders. With the return of peace, however, work was begun on new buildings to replace those destroyed by the fire. When steam began to be used for propelling warships, engines and other machinery were made in the Navy Yard. Small shops, about the same time, were built for the manufacture of guns, and from this modest beginning has sprung the largest gun factory in America. Many of the guns on the ships which fought and conquered in the war against Spain were cast and forged down there by the river bank. Within recent years a museum

has been established at the Navy Yard, in which are displayed many valuable trophies of the navy, gathered in time of peace and war. The exhibit includes relics from the *Kearsarge,* which sunk the *Alabama;* from the *Monitor* and *Merrimac,* and from many of the vessels which engaged in the great battles of the Civil War.

Could we have stood here on a September afternoon in 1825 and looked down upon the Navy Yard, we should have beheld an interesting and historic spectacle. In 1824 the venerable Lafayette, trusted comrade of Washington and firm friend of the republic when it stood most in need of friends, paid a last visit to America. He came on the invitation of the national government, and, having visited every portion of the country, to be everywhere received with lively manifestations of love and respect, he came to Washington to become in fact the nation's guest at the White House. When on September 7, 1825, he bade a final farewell to America, a distinguished company gathered at the White House to take leave of him. When all was in readiness, President John Quincy Adams addressed him in language signally eloquent and touching, and so moving and pathetic was Lafayette's reply that there were few tearless eyes among those who listened to his words. Immediately after this scene Lafayette left the White House and proceeded to the Navy Yard. There the lately launched frigate *Brandywine,* so named in grateful remembrance of his gallant part in one of the battles of the Revolution, awaited his coming, and on board of it he left America never to return.

It was a wise traveller who when he visited a new place always sought to see it from above. This is what we have been doing, looking down upon the central part of Washington from the high ground on which

Position 1. Map 2.

stands the National Asylum for the Insane. We shall now move to another eminence, which has, up to this time, been off to our left, and look down on Washington toward the east. Turn again to our general map of Washington. Near the left-hand limits of the map we find Arlington National Cemetery set back a little way from the bank of the Potomac. At the lower end of this cemetery is a circle enclosing the figure 2, and from this circle two red lines branch out toward the right, or east. Follow them, and we find the figure 2 at the end of each. We shall stand next at the point from which these two lines start and look east over the Potomac and all that part of Washington lying between these lines.

Position 2. Washington, East from Arlington, across the Potomac,—the Monument, Capitol, and Library in Sight. U.S.A.

We are standing now in the lower end of Arlington National Cemetery and are looking east over Washington. The thick foliage which makes beautiful this noble resting place of the nation's dead hides much of the city from view, but there to our left, beyond the Potomac, the Washington Monument rises before us, while to the right, though by distance more faintly outlined against the horizon, we descry the domes of the Capitol and the Library of Congress. Fort Myer is to our left, behind us are the Virginia hills, while to our right runs the railroad to Alexandria and Mount Vernon. All these are hidden from view, yet it is a noble and unforgetable scene that lies before us. Here happy children come to play; yonder, only a few yards away, a white marble cross marks the grave of one of the nation's bravest captains, General Guy V. Henry, while beyond the silvery, slow-moving Potomac at our feet lies

the great city of the living, wrapt in the soft haze of an autumn noon. A longer view reveals new beauties on every hand, but it is to the tall white shaft shooting up beyond the river that the eye involuntarily returns after each study of things far or near at hand. Let us cross to the city and take a closer view of it.

Turn again to our general map of Washington. A little to the west of its center we find the State, War and Navy Building, set down in the northwest corner of the President's Grounds. A circle at the southwest end of this building encloses the figure 3, and from the circle a zigzag line runs to the point where two red lines branch out to the south and southeast. At the end of each of these lines on the map margin we find the figure 3. This position is also shown on Map No. 4, "White House and Vicinity." We are to stand now at the point where the red lines start, that is on the roof of the State Department, and see the Monument and that part of Washington included between these lines.

Position 3. From State Department South over Executive Grounds, Monument, and Potomac River, Washington, U.S.A.

We are now looking a little east of south, and here right before us is the mighty pile we saw from the heights on the Virginia shore. To the left of the Monument is the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, and beyond it the Potomac, shut in by the Maryland hills. Hidden from view to our left, though only a few rods away, is the White House; to our right are Georgetown and the north bank of the Potomac, and behind us is that beautiful portion of the capital known as Washington North West. Truly a fitting setting for the noble column which each moment claims a larger mede of our awe and admiration, for the Monument is like a

Position 3. Maps 2, 4.

mountain in that it grows on its beholder. It was beautiful when we saw it from the Virginia shore, but less stately and impressive in its proportions than when we view it close at hand and on approximately the level of its base; and you will admit that I spoke truly when I said that it was the most imposing single object of great dimensions erected by modern hands.

Neither will you be surprised when I tell you that it was more than an ordinary life time in building. Indeed, its history proves the random fashion in which things often get themselves done in this republic of ours. The celebration in 1832 of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Washington brought into being the Washington National Monument Association, which had for its object the erection of a fitting memorial to the first President here at the capital. The original plan for the monument provided for a granite shaft faced with white marble 600 feet in height. Subscriptions were asked for from the country at large, and at the end of fifteen years some $87,000 had been contributed. Then, a site having been selected on the Mall before us, on the very spot chosen by Washington himself for a memorial of the American Revolution, the work of construction began, and on Independence Day, 1848, the corner-stone of the great shaft was laid.

Thereafter the construction of the Monument was continued until 1856, when, the funds of the society being exhausted and appeals for further contributions meeting with no response, the work was stopped. Nothing more was done until 1877, when the completion of the Monument was authorized by Congress, and Colonel Thomas L. Casey, of the Engineer Corps, was placed in charge. Various changes of the original plans were made by him, including the building of an entire new base. On the completion of the Monument, early in

Position 3. Maps 2, 4.

1885, Congress passed a resolution providing for suitable dedicatory ceremonies. These were appropriately held on Washington's Birthday at the base of the Monument, and later in the House of Representatives, the orator of the occasion, by an equally happy inspiration, being the venerable Robert C. Winthrop, who when Speaker of Congress more than a generation before had performed a similar service at the laying of the corner-stone. A few of the words spoken by Mr. Winthrop on the earlier occasion deserve to be quoted in this place, as we reflect upon the character of the man whom yonder shaft commemorates. "Lay the corner-stone of a monument," said he, "which shall adequately bespeak the gratitude of the whole American people to the illustrious Father of his Country. Build it to the skies; you cannot outreach the loftiness of his principles. Found it upon the massive and eternal rock; you cannot make it more enduring than his fame. Construct it of the peerless Parian marble; you cannot make it purer than his life. Exhaust upon it the rules and principles of ancient and modern art; you cannot make it more proportionate than his character."

The Monument before us is the highest and experts say that it is the best piece of masonry in the world. By a plumb line suspended from the top of the Monument in its shaft a deflection of not more than three-eights of an inch has been noticed. The heat of the sun, which deflects Bunker Hill Monument and alters the length of the great spans of the Brooklyn Bridge, does not greatly disturb this wonderful column. Its walls at the base, which are fifty-five feet square, are fifteen feet thick. At the five-hundred-feet elevation, where the pyramidal top begins, the walls are only eighteen inches thick and about thirty-five feet square. In fact, it would make a magnificent sun-dial. It is

Position 3. Maps 2, 4.

without any inscription whatever; it has not locally even a name, but is simply known as "the Monument." It is only in other cities that it is the "Washington Monument."

The Monument, as I told you a moment ago, is the highest work of masonry in the world, its height from base to tip of pyramid being 555 feet and 5⅛ inches. Lofty as is the dome of St. Peter's at Rome, its top is thirty-seven feet nearer the earth than that of the shaft which shoots skyward from these beautiful grounds. Indeed, the grandeur of its proportions only comes home to us when we compare it to some object close at hand. The chimney-stack of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing over there to our left is more than 150 feet high, yet it seems a puny thing when compared with its giant neighbor. The Bureau of Printing and Engraving itself, as you will see, is a spacious and roomy structure, but the overshadowing Monument dwarfs it into insignificance. However, it covers the better part of an acre and nearly 1,500 people are employed within its walls.

The Bureau is also one of the most important branches of the public service, for there are printed the Government bonds and the national currency, at the rate of a million dollars every twenty-four hours, together with postage and revenue stamps. Each bond, note and stamp passes through the hands of thirty different people, and the poorest girl employed in that brick pile handles enough money every working day to make you and me rich for life.

But again and again the eye travels back to the Monument, which has the air of a stately aristocrat standing proudly aloof among struggling nobodies. Note that the pyramid which surmounts the shaft proper is

Position 3. Maps 2, 4.

pierced near the base with what dimly appear at this distance to be auger holes. These are port-openings or windows, two in each face of the pyramid, and if we cross the Mall, and, entering the Monument, climb the stairway or take the elevator which ascends to its top, we shall be able through these port-openings to command unexampled views of Washington from all points of the compass. This we are to do now. Turn once more to our general map of Washington. Thereon we find the Monument set down a little to the south of the White House. Just north of it a circle encloses the figure 4, with a zigzag line running to the Monument, from which two lines branch out toward the north. Follow the two lines to the margin of the map and we find the figure 4 at the end of each of them. We are to take our position now at the top of the Monument and look out over all that part of the city which those two red lines include.

Position 4. From Washington Monument north, White House, Treasury, and State Departments, Washington, U.S.A.

Now we are standing in the top of the Monument and are looking north. What a noble prospect, for the most interesting portion of Washington is lying at our feet. There, 500 feet below us, is the White House, flanked on the right or east by the Treasury Building, and on the left or West by the State, War and Navy Building. Farther to our right, two and a half miles away, is the Capitol, and to our left is Georgetown, while the Potomac and Virginia are behind us. Beyond the northern hills, which limit our range of vision in front, is Maryland, and then central Pennsylvania. All these are hidden from view, but a multitude of things demand our attention in the scene immediately

Position 4. Map 2.

before us. Behind the White House, wholly hidden by the trees, is Lafayette Square, where some of the most famous men in our history have had their homes. The shaded thoroughfare running north from Lafayette Square is Sixteenth Street, and the diagonal thoroughfares which flank it, the one on the east and the other on the west, are Vermont and Connecticut Avenues. Where Vermont Avenue has its beginning at the northeast corner of Lafayette Square, facing both Vermont Avenue and H Street, is the Arlington Hotel, the rendezvous of many public men, and to the right of that, in the rear of the Treasury Building, is the Shoreham Hotel, for the section of Washington before us is the one most frequented by strangers.

Peeping above the trees, on the north of Lafayette Square, we see the picturesque spire of St. John's Church, with a single exception the oldest church in Washington. One of the pews is set apart for the President, and it is sometimes called the Church of State. Just across Sixteenth Street from old St. John's we see the roof of the residence of Secretary of State John Hay, one of the lordly homes of Washington. Turning again to the right, we descry a tall building facing Lafayette Square from the rear of the Treasury Building, with many windows on the top floor. That is the Lafayette Square Opera House, and the plot of ground which it occupies is rich in historic associations, for until 1895 it was the site of the most sorrowful, perhaps the most notable, of all Washington mansions. The house in question was built by Commodore Rodgers. Roger Taney lived there after its builder's death. There William H. Seward had his home when Secretary of State, and there he was attacked by the assassin Payne on the fatal 14th of April, 1865, and received wounds that he carried to his grave. There,

too, Seward saw his wife and daughter die. Later still the house was occupied by another Secretary of State, James G. Blaine, who there reached the end of his bitter, splendid life. There death took away within two months Blaine's daughter and his oldest son, his last and greatest political aspiration came to naught, and a second son followed the first to the grave. Finally the great Secretary, broken in spirit, took to his bed, and, in 1893, died in the same room where Payne made his dastardly attack on Seward.

Now let us turn, and from our lofty eyrie look out over another portion of Washington. Once again locating the Monument on our general map of Washington, we find the two red lines which extend from it in a southeasterly direction to the lower map margin, having there the figure 5 at the end of each of them. Thus we know precisely what part of the city we are to look upon.

Position 5. From Washington Monument, south along Wharves and Potomac River, Washington, U.S.A.

Now we are looking south from the Monument, and how different is the scene spread out at our feet from the one upon which we were gazing only a moment ago. The island down there to our right is land reclaimed from the Potomac, and soon to be converted into a public park, while the stretch of water which separates it from the mainland is Washington Channel. Beyond the tip of the island are the hills of Maryland, while that point of land jutting out into the river on our left furnishes a site for the Government arsenal and barracks. The Capitol is on our left, Analostan Island on our right and behind us the White House. These

Position 4, 5. Map 2.

we cannot see, but before us are a hundred proofs that we are on the waterfront of a great city, though one not given to manufactures, for the steamers which we see warped to the wharfs are all passenger vessels plying between Washington and Mount Vernon, Norfolk and other points on the Potomac and Chesapeake. Note the bridge down there on our right which joins island with mainland. That is the famous Long Bridge, which connects Washington with the Virginia shore, and no structure of the same sort has played a larger part in history. Could we have stood here forty odd years ago we should have seen uncounted regiments marching over that bridge and into the Civil War, or a little later we should have beheld the bronzed and battle-scarred survivors returning by the same route to take part in the grand review which marked the close of the greatest military struggle of modern times.

It was across Long Bridge down yonder that Julia Ward Howe drove on an autumn day in 1861 for the visit to a review of the Army of the Potomac, encamped on the Virginia hills, which gave birth to her matchless "Battle Hymn of the Republic." As she and her companions drove back into Washington over that very bridge, Mrs. Howe, to beguile the time, began to sing "John Brown's Body." Then she spoke to her friends in the carriage of a cherished desire to write some words of her own that might be sung to the stirring tune, but added that she feared that she would never be able to do it. She lay down that night with her head full of thoughts of battle, and awoke before dawn the next morning to find the desired verses swiftly taking shape in her mind. When she had thought out the last of five stanzas, she sprang from her bed, and in the dim, gray light found a pen and paper, whereon she wrote, scarcely seeing them, the lines of the poem.

Position 5. Map 2.

Returning to her couch, she was presently asleep, but not until she said to herself, "I like this better than anything I have ever written," a verdict in which she has been sustained by the world, for her lines have in them the very breath of a heroic time, and of the feeling with which it was filled.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fatal lightning of His terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with My contemners so with you My grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel!
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat:
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him; be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born, across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

The scene before us recalls other stirring memories of the war time. Within the walls of the arsenal, on

Position 5. Map 2.

that point of land over there at the mouth of Washington Channel, occurred the trial of those concerned with Booth in the murder of President Lincoln, and there Payne, who attempted the life of Secretary Seward; Atzerot, who had been selected to assassinate Vice-President Johnson, but whose nerve failed him at the last moment, and Herold, who accompanied Booth in his flight after the murder of Lincoln, died upon the gallows. There also a like fate was meted out to Mrs. Mary E. Surratt, whose execution has often been denounced by many well-meaning people as a judicial murder. Those who have made a careful study of the documents in the case, however, hold a different view. Booth and his associates had held their meetings at her house in Washington; she had had repeated interviews with Booth on the day of Lincoln's murder, and these facts, with other evidence, were regarded by her judges as conclusive proof that she was accessory before the fact to the assassination of the President.

If from our point of vantage here in the top of the Monument we look now upon another portion of Washington, we shall have before us the setting of that strange terrific tragedy. Turning to the general map of Washington, we find two red lines branching northeast from the Monument, and having the figure 6 at each end of them on the map margins. These lines show the limits of our next field of vision.

Position 6. From Washington Monument, northeast, past General Post-office and other Government Buildings, Washington, D. C.

Now we are looking northeast from the Monument over the busiest section of Washington. Directly below us is the towering Post-office Building, set down at the

corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Twelfth Street. The great white structure which we see beyond and left of it, covering a block, is the Department of the Interior, popularly known as the Patent Office, at the corner of Ninth and F Streets (see Map). The wide-spreading red pile which towers above its neighbors in the distance to the right is the Pension Office, at the corner of Fifth and F Streets. The Potomac is behind us; hidden from our view on our right and left are the Capitol and White House, and on the distant hill on our right is the Columbian Institution for Deaf Mutes, one of the first institutions of its kind set afoot in America. Ten miles away in that direction is Bladensburg, the scene of our defeat by the British, the day before they came here to destroy the city. Forty miles away in that direction is Baltimore, and nearly a hundred miles farther away is Philadelphia.

Let us look again at the Post-office Building directly before us. A block north of the Patent Office we descry the steeple of a church—Calvary Baptist Church at the corner of Eighth and H Streets. A bird flying from the tower of the Post-office Building to the spire of Calvary Baptist Church would pass midway in its flight directly over the roof of Ford's Theatre, which faces Tenth Street midway between E and F Streets. At midday of April 14, 1865, there was loitering before the old theatre, then the principal playhouse in Washington, a handsome young actor, by name John Wilkes Booth, a name famous in the annals of the stage, but destined by its bearer to be made before the day's end the most sinister in our history. Wilkes Booth, as his intimates called him, was then twenty-six years old, and as an actor gave promise of being the equal of his father and older brother. He was, however, of an untoward disposition, verging often upon madness, and

Position 6. Map 2.

given to violent excesses of every kind. He was a fanatical supporter of the Southern cause, and during the previous month, as it came out afterwards, had been the master-spirit in a plot to kidnap the President and carry him into the Confederate lines. Among Booth's associates in this kidnapping was David E. Herold, a Washington drug-clerk; George Atzerot, a German coach-painter, and Lewis Payne, an ex-Confederate soldier.

The plot failed, through no fault of the conspirators, but Booth lingered in Washington, and at midday of April 14th appeared out there at Ford's Theatre, where he was informed that the President and General Grant, with their wives, were to attend the play that evening. An insane impulse to kill Lincoln had, doubtless, found a lodging in his thoughts through the failure of his abduction plot, and this now took instant shape in the face of the opportunity chance held out to him. During the afternoon he effected a meeting with Herold, who agreed to join him in the flight which must follow his attempt on the President's life. Then he sought and found Payne and Atzerot, who, it was arranged, should attempt the life of Secretary Seward and Vice-President Johnson at the same time that their leader struck down the President and General Grant.

The President and his party reached the theatre about half-past eight o'clock, but without General and Mrs. Grant, who had decided to go North that night. Amid the cheers of a great audience they made their way to an upper box at the left of the stage, and the actors went on with the play. Half an hour later, Booth stole through the streets at our feet and reappeared at the theatre, having first committed the horse he had procured for his flight to the care of a boy stationed in an alley at the rear of the building. The actors had

reached the second scene of the third act of "The American Cousin," when Booth, who was a privileged person to the attendants of the theatre, passed behind the seats of the dress circle and approached the passage to the President's box. A moment later he opened and entered the door leading from the passage to the box.

He had a pistol in his right hand, and moved so cautiously that no one heard him. The President was sitting in a large arm-chair at the left of the box, with bowed head, intent upon the play. Booth crept up within a foot of his chair, took aim at his head and fired. Major Rathbone, the President's only male companion, sprang to his feet at the sound of the shot and grappled with the intruder, only to receive a blow from the dagger which Booth now held in his hand. Rathbone's hold relaxed, and Booth, appearing at the front of the box, vaulted the railing. A stirrup on his boot caught in the draperies of the box, and he fell heavily to the stage below, a distance of fourteen feet. His left leg bent and a bone snapped as he struck the floor, but he was on his feet in an instant, and, facing the wondering house, shouted, "The South is avenged!" Then he turned and disappeared behind the scenes. A moment later he mounted his horse in the rear of the theatre, and began the headlong flight through the streets over there to our right which was to end with his death on April 27th in a burning barn in Virginia.

A full realization of the tragedy that had befallen now burst upon the audience. Without delay a stretcher was brought in, and the unconscious and dying Lincoln carried from the theatre to a room in a lodging-house across the way; while those in the theatre rushed forth to carry the news throughout the city at our feet. Thus news of the tragedy spread with the swiftness of the wind, and as it spread met other news which doubled

Position 6. Map 2.

the horror of that awful night. Vice-President Johnson was scathless, for Atzerot's nerve had failed him at the last moment, but Payne, endowed with more brute courage, had stolen through the streets to our left, and, gaining admission to the house of Secretary Seward on Lafayette Square, turned it into a human shambles. Seward's two sons were wounded by the intruder when they sought to stay his progress, while their father, who was ill in bed, received three stabs from an ugly knife, as a result of which his life hung for weeks by a thread. Then Payne succeeded in making his escape, only to be speedily captured, along with Atzerot and Herold, and to pay, in due time, the penalty of his crime.

Meanwhile, in the lodging-house over there in Tenth Street, the night slowly waned into morning, with no perceptible change in the condition of the unconscious President. Soon after daylight, however, the breathing became easier and the features took on a more peaceful expression. "Symptoms of immediate dissolution," ran the bulletin issued at seven o'clock, and twenty-two minutes later Lincoln died. "Now he belongs to the ages," said Secretary Stanton, breaking the solemn silence which followed the announcement that the great heart had ceased to beat. There was a prayer, and then, one by one, the watchers withdrew, and the dead was left alone. Two hours later the body of the President was borne to the White House, where it lay until Monday night. It was then placed in the casket prepared for it, and laid in the centre of the great East Room. The following morning the public were admitted to view the face of the dead. All day long a sorrowing, tearful throng surged past the bier, and when the gates were closed at night Lafayette Square

and the streets around it were still packed with people waiting for admission.

The funeral was held at the noon hour of Wednesday, and then the body was borne through the streets before us to the Capitol and placed under the dome of the rotunda. There, after a brief service, it was left alone, save only for a guard of soldiers; but on Thursday the Capitol was opened, and again, as on Tuesday, from dawn until nightfall, a steadily lengthening throng paid to the dead its last tribute of affection and respect. Finally, in the early morning of Friday, April 22d, the coffin was carried from the Capitol, through streets lined with another uncovered multitude, to the railway station, where it was placed in the funeral car of the train which was to convey the remains from Washington to Springfield. Sharply at eight o'clock the train left Washington; and so the Great Emancipator took silent farewell of the capital he had helped to make glorious. Ford's Theatre is now used for business purposes; but the house across the way in which the President died contains a collection of Lincoln relics.

Let us turn now from the tragic past to the busy present. Few of those who daily pass that Post-office Building take thought of the fact that it is the centre of the greatest business concern in the world. Yet such is the case, for the postal establishment of the United States employs more men and women than any other government or corporation. Only one corporation—a combination of railways—earns and disburses as much as the Post-office Department, nor does any branch of the Government come into as close contact with the average citizen. Perhaps, to the layman, the most interesting phase of the many-sided activities carried on under the roof of that gray stone structure is the handling of the mail matter which finds its way

Position 6. Map 2.

to the Dead Letter Office on the second floor. This consists, in the main, of unclaimed letters, and of letters which cannot be sent anywhere else, owing to the illegibility of the address or to the lack of something apparently essential to delivery. The experts of the Dead Letter Office, most of whom are women, are often called upon not only to decipher the scrawls on an envelope, but to supply the name of the town which the correspondent has omitted. Thousands of other letters bear simply the name of the person addressed and the State in which he lives, while others omit even the State; in spite of which omissions they are commonly sent to their proper destination.

In the Dead Letter Office there are destroyed every year more than four million letters containing no enclosures, which cannot be returned to writers. It destroys also a great quantity of letters and parcels containing matter classed as unmailable. Many hundreds of sealed envelopes under letter postage are found to contain lottery circulars, and these, of course, are destroyed immediately. Green goods circulars are found in some envelopes, and these, if they cannot be of value to the police in tracing the swindlers, are destroyed also. Then there are animals, and bugs, and bottles of liquid, and all sorts of things which under the postal regulations are not to be carried in the mails. Alligators, and snakes, and butterflies, and bugs of all kinds are constantly coming and going through the mails. At one time there was a craze for chameleons, and thousands of these little lizards were mailed in the South to addresses all over the United States; and since they were comparatively harmless alive or dead no great effort was made to stop the business. But it happens not infrequently that in the Dead Letter Office an exceedingly lively snake or an offensively dead animal comes

to light. The most undesirable package ever received came from the West. It was a perforated tin can and contained seventeen rattlesnakes. Fifteen of them were alive and ready for business, but two of them had failed to survive their trip. The clerk who opened the package happened to have just returned from a spree, and his nerves were a trifle unsteady. As the vicious reptiles rolled out, he simply said:

"I've got 'em again!"

The alarm of the rest of the clerks, however, soon convinced him that he was dealing with genuine snakes.

Another branch of the Government whose influence is felt in every nook and corner of the land is the Pension Building in the distance to our right, at Fourth and F Streets, a building of such huge dimensions that at the inauguration balls which are held there 18,000 people have been gathered within its walls. Five thousand clerks, many a one wearing the bronze button of the veteran, are employed there, and from it is yearly disbursed upwards of $150,000,000 in pensions for those who fought in our several wars, or their widows and orphans. The rolls stored in that building contain nearly a million names, whose bearers are distributed all over the world. Even on far St. Helena, where Napoleon died, there is a man who draws $144 a year from the United States. There are 415 veterans in Ireland, who annually get over $60,000 from this country. In distant Siam there are two others, and in every continent are American pensioners. There are now on the pension roll several widows and daughters of Revolutionary soldiers, nearly 2,000 widows of the soldiers of the War of 1812, between 5,000 and 6,000 survivors and widows of the Indian wars and over 17,000 survivors and widows of the Mexican War. Yet so perfect is the system in force within that building that within five

minutes after inquiry the entire record of a pension case may be put before one.

Let me tell you something about the building in which this immense business in transacted and which lies before us. It is the largest brick structure in the world, and its roof covers two acres of ground. It is made of red pressed brick, a mighty three-story structure with, as you see, a great glass roof rising tier by tier over it, and consists of a series of big rooms around a great central court. This court is much like the court of St. Mark's in Venice, save that St. Mark's has only the Italian sky to roof it, while the Pension Court is protected from the cold by a sky of glass, and its glass roof is upheld by eighty brick columns higher than any city house outside of a flat and thicker than any tree in America outside of California. Each of these columns contains enough brick to build two good sized houses, and in the ages of the future they may stand here like obelisks when the rest of the building has crumbled into ruins.

Around this great court are arcades rising gallery above gallery and opening out from the three stories of rooms. Some of the columns of these are gilded or bronzed. The finish of the court, the columns and the walls is in white, the diamond glass roof is set in framed mosaic of yellow and the acre of floor is of colored tiles. In the centre of the court a great fountain sends up a silvery spray, and the whole is one of the curiosities of architecture. It was in this building that the last five inaugural balls were held, and it is here that all the great balls of the future Presidents will be celebrated. At the present the floor is filled with great cases of files, and you may walk for a mile in and out through the aisles surrounded by them.

These old papers contain the names of the most noted

men of our history. Blaine's great-grandmother got a pension, and Grant and Lincoln received land for their services in the Mexican and Black Hawk Wars. Robert E. Lee got 160 acres of land for the work he did as a colonel in our war with Mexico, and Jefferson Davis received the same amount for his services. Mrs. Garfield, Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. McKinley are the only Presidents' wives who now receive pensions. They get $5,000 a year by a special act of Congress. Mrs. Lincoln got $3,000 a year from 1870 to 1882. The amount was then increased to $5,000, and this continued until her death.

The daughter of President Taylor gets fifty dollars a month, and she receives this for her father's services in the Mexican War. Among the noted widows of generals of the Civil War who receive pensions are those of Banks, Gresham, Custer, Anderson, Casey, Gibbon, Kilpatrick and Warren. Mrs. John A. Logan receives forty dollars a week by a special act of Congress, and there are a number of other soldiers' widows who have been pensioned in the same way.

In the rear of the Pension Office, and to the extreme right of our range of vision, we see the seven-storied Government Printing Office, which annually produces millions of documents. The building's floor space covers upward of nine acres, and no printing office in the world is so well appointed, or has so many comforts and conveniences for its employes. Under that great roof upon which we are gazing are represented nearly all branches of the printer's art. Every sort of jobbing is done; illustrated books are published; some of the reports, indeed, are equal to monthly magazines, and even the daily newspaper is represented in *The Congressional Record.* Orders are taken for millions of blanks at a time, for the printing office supplies them

Position 6. Map 2.

to every custom house, land office, internal revenue office, pension agency, post-office, Navy, War, consular and diplomatic office in the service of the United States. All the pay-rolls, officers' commissions, men's discharges, millions of envelopes for use at the Capitol, census blanks, scientific works and reports of geographical and gealogical surveys—all these and more are sent out.

Many books are printed, one of the largest being the records of the War of the Rebellion, one hundred and twenty volumes having already been published. One of the most interesting features is the rapidity with which the work can be accomplished, as a great deal of it is Congressional, and everything depends upon the promptness with which it is finished. Often a piece of work reaches the proofreading room an hour after the copy reaches the compositors' hands, as it often occurs that a hundred or more men are put upon one piece of work, and a great deal of it is done at night. The most striking illustration of recent execution of hurried orders was the printing of the message of President McKinley, transmitting the report of the Naval Court of Inquiry upon the destruction of the battleship *Maine*. The publication consisted of 298 pages of reading matter, with twenty-four full-page engravings and one lithograph in colors, and although the originals of the illustrations were not in possession of the office until 3 P.M., March 28, 1898, and the manuscript was not received until 6 P.M. of the same day, complete copies in paper covers were placed upon the desks of Senators and Representatives by ten o'clock the following morning.

Two other points of interest claim our attention in the scene before us. Notice the smokestack here at our feet. A mile off there to the left, but directly in line with this smokestack, we descry the steeple of St. Paul's

Position 6. Map 2.

(Lutheran) Church, at Eleventh and H Streets, where President Roosevelt worships when in Washington. Again, two blocks in the rear and to the right of this church is Mount Vernon Square, where is rising the splendid public library which Andrew Carnegie has given to Washington.

Let us turn now to another point of the compass and take our last view of Washington from the Monument. Consulting our general map of the city, we find two red lines spreading eastward from the Monument and having the figure 7 at the end of each. We are to view the portion of Washington included between these lines.

Position 7. From Washington Monument east, over Agricultural Grounds to the Capitol, Washington, U.S.A.

We are now looking practically east from the Monument, and again an interesting and inspiring section of the city is spread before us. Directly in front of us, in the order named, are the grounds and buildings of the Agricultural Department, the Smithsonian Institution and the National and Medical Museums (see Map), while over there to the left is the Capitol, with the Library of Congress in the rear. Hidden from view on our left is the White House, and behind us and on our right is the Potomac. There is much to interest the visitor beneath the roof of the Agricultural Building, the nearest building down on our right—there, among other things, one can see silk in all stages of development, from silk worms to a piece of silk goods; but a more unusual story is bound up in the Smithsonian Institution just beyond it.

James Smithson was the natural son of Sir Hugh Smithson, first Duke of Northumberland. He was

educated at Oxford, where he took a degree in 1786, but after his graduation he does not appear to have had any fixed or permanent residence, living at lodgings in London, and occasionally staying a year or two at a time in cities on the Continent. He died in Genoa in June, 1829. It came out after his death that he had left the handsome fortune which the generosity of the Duke of Northumberland, enhanced by his own retired and simple habits, had enabled him to accumulate to his nephew for life, and after the latter's decease to his surviving children; but in the event of the nephew dying without issue, then the whole of the property was "left to the United States for the purpose of founding an institution at Washington, to be called the Smithsonian Institution, for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men."

Smithson's nephew dying without heirs in 1835, the property reverted to the United States, and in September, 1838, after a suit in chancery, there was paid into the Federal treasury upward of half a million dollars. The disposition of the bequest was before Congress for several years, but in August, 1846, at which time the available funds had increased to $750,000, the Smithsonian Institution was founded; an act was passed directing the formation of a library, a museum, to which were transferred the collections belonging to the Government, and a gallery of art, while to a board of regents was left the power of adopting such other parts of an organization as they might deem best suited to promote the objects of the bequest. The corner-stone of the building down there among the trees was laid in May, 1847, and the end of a decade brought its completion. The square of land upon which it stands was set aside and especially reserved for the purpose by the Government, and to-day, with the natural growth of

trees and shrubbery, it has become, as we can see, one of the most attractive parks in Washington.

Joseph Henry was chosen first executive officer of the Institution, and under his wise management and that of his successors it has developed with the years into one of the most important scientific centres of the world. Its objects are to assist men of science in prosecuting original research and to publish the result of researches in a series of volumes, a copy of them being presented to every first-class library in the world. The Institution maintains an immense correspondence, and its ininfluence and active aid reach investigators in every land. No other institution is more in touch with the vital interests of the country and its high development, and nobly does it redeem the promise once made by its founder that his name "should live in the memory of men when the titles of his ancestors, the Northumberlands and Percys, were extinct and forgotten."

The National Museum, which we see in the rear of the Smithsonian, should have a secure place in the affections of every patriotic American. It now contains more than three million objects, and most of them have a direct and vital bearing upon our national history and development. Among these are personal relics and memorials of most of our Presidents, and of scores of other famous men who have played memorable parts in the history of the country. Could we pay a visit to it, we should see, among other things, the tent used by Washington during the Revolution and the uniform he wore as commander-in-chief on the occasion of his resigning his commission at Annapolis. There also we should have a chance to study more than one piquant reminder of the great exploring expeditions of Wilkes to the Pacific and of Perry to Japan. The National Museum, you will be interested to know, is under the

Position 7. Map 2.

direction of the Smithsonian, but, unlike the Smithsonian, is supported by Government appropriations.

Gazing still farther afield, we descry the roof of the Army Medical Museum, on a line with and in the rear of the National Museum, one of the most interesting, though, probably, the one by strangers most seldom visited of the national institutions in Washington. The Medical Museum had its origin in the collections of pathological specimens which, to the number of several thousand accumulated in the Surgeon-General's office during the Civil War. Since then this collection has grown to be one of the most unique, and, in some respects, most important in the world, including an immense number of subjects which illustrate various parts of the human body as affected by wounds and disease. Should we visit it we should find one case filled with specimens which exhibit bullets embedded in and split upon the bones of the cranium. There is one, for instance, where a conical bullet split in two upon entering the head at the temple, the one-half going inside and causing instant death, while the other piece stuck in the flesh of the face outside. On another specimen a minnie bullet may be observed astride on the bones of the nose, it having split half through only upon entering the head. But perhaps the most remarkable case is that of a would-be suicide, whose head (after he died a natural death) is preserved here. The subject in question fired a pistol in his mouth, but owing to the smallness of the charge of powder, or from some other cause, the ball did not penetrate the head, but, after severing the jugular vein, remained firmly embedded in some of the bones of the head, where it acted as a valve, or stopper, to the blood which escaped from the wounded artery. Under ordinary circumstances, the subject would have died in a few minutes from

internal hæmorrhage, and his purpose would have been accomplished, but as it was the bullet destined to be his death saved his life, and he lived seventeen years afterward to mourn his folly. I need not add, after what I have told you, that the Medical Museum is not a cheerful place. Indeed, only people blessed with stout nerves should visit it.

A block in the rear of the Medical Museum we see the building of the United States Fish Commission, whose duties it is to restock with useful fishes the waters of our rivers and lakes, and of the ocean, and whose labors cover every portion of the United States. The thoroughfare which flanks on the south the buildings we have been studying is B Street, and the light-faced structure we descry to the right of it (see Map), on a line with the Capitol, is the office of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, whose corps of civilian engineers, along with a certain number of officers and men detailed from the Navy, are constantly at work surveying and resurveying the harbors, bays and rivers of our thousands of miles of sea-coast. In the distance to our right, indistinguishable from here, is the Congressional Cemetery, on the bank of the Anacostia—a necropolis of men who made their mark in our history when the last century was young. Close to each other in this famous city of the silent are the monuments which cover the dust of George Clinton and Elbridge Gerry, both of whom died while holding the office of Vice-President.

Among the cabinet ministers of other days interred there are: A. P. Upshur, Secretary of State under Tyler, who met a violent death on the Potomac; John Forsyth, who held the same office under Jackson and Van Buren. and William Wirt, for ten years one of the ablest attorneys-general the country ever had, and whose remarkable speech at the Aaron Burr trial on "Who is

Position 7. Map 2.

Blennerhasset?" is one of the standard prose pieces of forensic literature in the public schools and colleges of to-day. Uriah Tracy, a United States Senator from Connecticut; Cilley, who was killed by Graves in a duel, and scores of other members of Congress sleep their last sleep there. Two major-generals of the United States Army (Macomb and Brown), both of whom were commanders-in-chief in their day, are buried there. A famous Choctaw Indian chief, Push-ma-ta-ha, has a monument over him which tells the looker-on that among his last words were, "Let the big guns be fired over me." Somebody wanted to bury Thaddeus Stevens in this cemetery and have Congress raise a monument over his remains, but the grim old Commoner said no—"Bury me in the colored cemetery in Lancaster. As I never made any distinction on account of color when living, I do not want to lie in a place where such distinction is made after death."

The long, low, shed-like structure down among the trees on the left is the Baltimore and Potomac and Pennsylvania R. R. Station. On the opposite side of the street which runs along the north side of the Mall and a few rods this side of the station we see a corner of the famous old Centre Market. A couple of blocks beyond the Market, though indistinctly seen from here, is the Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal Church where President McKinley came with great regularity each Sunday for worship.

In the distance we see the hills of Maryland, which bound Washington on the east. Twenty-five miles beyond those hills is Annapolis, on the shore of Chesapeake Bay.

But again and again as we gaze upon this scene before us the eye travels back to the noble Capitol, with its

towering dome and its spreading wings. We are looking full against the western face of the Capitol here, with the Senate wing on the north and the House wing on the south. Let us leave the Monument and go down near that majestic structure, the legislative and judicial centre of our nation. Turn again to the general map of Washington and note the two red lines with the figure 8 at the end of each which spread out to the south and west from the northeast corner of the Capitol grounds. These lines may be found also on Map No. 3. Our next position is to be at the apex of these lines. Evidently we shall then be looking at the east front of the Capitol.

Position 8. U. S. Capitol from the northeast,— Most Beautiful Building in America, Washington, U.S.A.

And this is the Capitol, the most stately home ever provided for the lawmakers of a free people. Seen close at hand in the morning sunlight, we can now enjoy to the full the majesty, grace and beauty which give it a place among the noblest architectural objects in the world. You will also note that it faces the east, for in that quarter the projectors of Washington assumed that the city would grow, whereby hangs an interesting story of the day of first things. The owner of most of the land now covered by the eastern portion of Washington was Daniel Carroll, who was also one of three commissioners appointed in 1791 to have entire charge of the laying out of the district and the erection of the necessary public buildings. This gentleman was so firm a believer in the future greatness of the Federal city that when Stephen Girard offered him $200,000 for a portion of his estate he refused the offer, demanding five times that sum. Carroll's greed, however, soon

Position 8. Map 2, 3.

wrought his undoing; the high price placed upon the lots held by him compelled many who wished land for the erection of houses and business structures to settle in the northern and western parts of the city, and the tide of population turning permanently to the north and west decided the fate of the eastern quarter. Thus Carroll's dream of great wealth came to a luckless ending. All that he could leave his heirs when he died was a heavily encumbered estate, and so late as 1873 six acres of the Carroll tract, upon which his descendants, during a period of eighty years had paid $16,000 in taxes—this in the hope of a profitable sale—was finally sold for $3,600. And now you know why, though it faces the east, the Capitol is usually approached from the west.

The Capitol's apparent unity of design gives one the impression that it is the work of a single master mind. As a matter of fact, it is in its present form the product of various hands, for it has been a gradual growth like the nation of which it is the legislative centre. The oldest portion of the building before us is the one surmounted by the dome. It was designed by William Thornton and completed during the first decade of the last century. After the partial destruction of the Capitol by the British in 1814 Benjamin H. Latrobe, one of the leading architects of his time, was employed to reconstruct it. Latrobe's services covered a period of less than three years, but to him belongs the honor of having planned, built and rebuilt the old south wing over there to the left, of having rebuilt the old north wing which peers at us from the hither side of the dome, and of having designed the rotunda and the present centre structure. When Latrobe resigned in 1817, he was succeeded in charge of the Capitol by Charles Bulfinch, an eminent architect of Boston, whose dome,

which was much higher than the one proposed by Latrobe, has since been replaced by the still loftier one which towers before us now. The execution of the rotunda designed by Latrobe was the work of his successor, whose skill was also conspicuously shown in his arrangement to remedy a mistake in the location of the building. Could we go around to the west front of the Capitol, we should see that those who first wrought upon it placed it too far west, so as to overhang the brow of the hill upon which we are standing instead of resting upon its level summit. The western front thus exhibiting a story lower than the one we are facing, Bulfinch covered this exposed basement with the semi-circular glacis and sloping terraces, which we shall see by and by and which render the western approach grand and striking in the highest degree.

Bulfinch completed his labors in 1830, and until 1851 the Capitol remained unchanged. Then Congress authorized the alterations and additions which gave it its present size and form. The growing membership of the House and Senate having made an enlargement of the structure necessary, it was decided to build north and south wings, and Thomas W. Walter, a distinguished architect of Philadelphia, who had designed Girard College and other buildings, was selected to supervise the work. The design prepared by Walter, as I have told you in "The Story of Washington," provided for a white marble addition at each end of the old building, with porticoes proportioned to those of the centre structure, and for a new iron dome in place of the old brick and wooden one. The making of these changes and additions covered a period of fourteen years, but it gave us, as you can see, a Capitol that, with all its minor faults, is a structure worthy of the republic.

The building before us covers an area of a little more

Position 8. Maps 2, 3.

than three and a half acres, and it has a total length of 751 feet, and a width of 350 feet, while its dome, springing, as you see, from a peristyle of fluted Corinthian columns, towers 307½ feet above the esplanade from which we behold it. The Statue of Freedom which tops the dome was designed by Thomas Crawford, a famous sculptor of the early days. It looks little more than life size, but in reality is nineteen and a half feet high. The sculptured group which we see on the tympanum of the central portico, designed by John Quincy Adams and sculptured by Persico, represents the Genius of America. America stands in the centre, with the eagle at her feet, while her shield, inscribed with the legend U. S. A., rests upon an altar whereon is graven the eloquent date, July 4, 1776. Hope stands beside her, and on her other hand is Justice, holding the scroll of the Constitution inscribed with the date of its adoption. Note the two colossal groups in marble on the portico of the rotunda. One designed by Persico represents the discovery, and the other, by Greenough, the settlement of America. Turn with me now to the marble group in the tympanum of the Senate portico over there to our right. The group has for its subject the development of America and the decadence of the Indian race. You will see that in the centre stands America, kissed by the rising sun, bestowing the meed of worthy service upon Washington. Commerce, Education, Mechanics and Agriculture are on her right, and on her left the Pioneer, the Hunter, a dejected chieftain and an Indian mother with her babe, mourning beside a grave.

The long flights of steps lead to the principal story of the Capitol, a plan of which is given on our Map No. 3. A study of this plan shows us that the Senate Chamber is situated in the centre of this north wing.

nearest us on the right. The Supreme Court sits in a room—the old Senate Chamber—just this side of the central portico. The taller windows with heavy cornices above them open into the Supreme Court Chamber. Behind the windows on the same floor just beyond the central portico is the old Hall of Representatives, now Statuary Hall, while the Hall of Representatives is on the same floor in the centre of the South Wing beyond.

Not only does every Congressman and Senator and Supreme Court Judge come to this noble pile before us, but also every duly elected President since the elder Adams has come here to take the oath of office; and rare good fortune makes it possible for us to join as eye-witnesses in one of these historic spectacles. Turn to Map No. 3, "A Plan of the Capitol," and search out the two red lines, with the figure 9 at the end of each, which spread westward from a point in the eastern portion of the Capitol Grounds. We are to stand next at the apex of these lines, and behold President McKinley delivering his inaugural address on March 4, 1897. Thus events passed into history shall come back into life again.

Position 9. President McKinley Delivering His First Inaugural Address, March 4, 1897. Washington, U.S.A.

Human affair boasts no more solemn and moving spectacle than the one spread before us—the chosen ruler of millions of freemen delivering his first message to his people. Only on this side of the western ocean is such a pageant possible, and as we study its impressive details—the President, with bared head and uplifted hand, and the silent, listening throng—our thoughts travel back to another memorable scene enacted on this

Positions 8, 9. Map 3.

very spot, the delivery of the last inaugural address of Abraham Lincoln on March 4, 1865. No doubt many of those now grouped about us were witnesses of the earlier scene. We are told that just as Lincoln, tall and gaunt among the group about him, advanced to begin his address from the portico over there to our left the sun emerged from behind obscuring clouds, and for a time flooded the spectacle with glory and with light. The address was received in profound silence, and there were moist eyes and tearful cheeks in the listening throng when the President, in closing, pronounced the noble words, "With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widows and orphans; to do all which may achieve a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations." After the cheers which greeted this conclusion had died away, the oath was administered by the chief justice. Then a salvo of artillery burst upon the air, and the President, having made his way to his carriage, was escorted back to the White House by a great procession. The records tell us that there was the usual reception at the White House that evening, and, later on, the traditional inauguration ball. "But chiefly memorable in the mind of those who saw that second inauguration," writes Noah Brooks," must still remain the tall, pathetic melancholy figure of the man who, then inducted into office in the midst of the glad acclaim of thousands of people, and illumined by the deceptive brilliancy of a March sunburst, was already standing in the shadow of death."

The taking of the oath of office by an incoming Presi-

Position 9. Map 3.

dent sometimes follows, but more often precedes, the delivery of his inaugural address. Let us draw a little nearer to the portico of the rotunda, and witness at close hand the consummation of the august ceremony of inauguration. Turning again to our Map No. 3 of the Capitol, you will observe two short red lines, which branch from the figure 10 in a circle, a point much nearer the Capitol than our present position. We are to stand now at the base of those lines, and witness Chief Justice Fuller administer the oath of office to President McKinley on March 4, 1901.

Position 10. The Supreme Moment, Chief Justice Fuller Administering the Oath of Office to President McKinley, March 4, 1901.

Note first that the centre of the scene before us is a temporary pavilion erected near the north side of the east portico. It shelters, as you will see, a memorable group. On our left is the white-haired chief justice, with hand uplifted in the act of delivering the oath; directly in front of us stands President McKinley, with right hand on the open Bible, and holding in his left hand the manuscript of the inaugural address which he is soon to deliver to the waiting throng, while at his right stands the man whom an assassin's bullet is to make his successor—Vice-President Roosevelt.

Again, as a few moments ago, our mind goes back to similar scenes enacted in earlier years on this very spot. The east portico was first used for these ceremonies when President Jackson took office on March 4, 1829. Ten thousand people gathered here on that day; a ship's cable had to be stretched across the steps of the portico to keep back the army of eager sightseers; and it was only with difficulty that the procession which escorted Jackson—a band of Revolutionary veterans

Position 10. Map 3.

formed the bodyguard—was able to reach the Capitol. Twelve years later another great multitude witnessed the inauguration of the elder Harrison on this spot. It was a raw March day, with a chill wind blowing, and Harrison, who had come here on a spirited white horse, attended by veterans who had fought under him in the second war with England, stood bareheaded for an hour while delivering his long inaugural address, thus sowing the seeds of the disease which later caused his death.

It was a critical moment in our history when Abraham Lincoln came here on March 4, 1861, to take the oath of office. The morning of that eventful day broke clear and cloudless, and at an early hour a great multitude filled both sides of Pennsylvania Avenue and the open space whereon we are standing. The Southern States were already in rebellion, and there was evidence of the existence of a plot for the armed seizure of the capital during the inauguration. Accordingly, unobtrusive yet effective steps were taken to quell any attempt at violence and discord. Platoons of soldiers were stationed at intervals along the avenue, and groups of riflemen posted on the adjacent roof-tops. Few knew, moreover, that soldiers lined the entire length of the improvised board tunnel through which Lincoln was to pass into the Capitol; that squads of riflemen were in each wing; that half a hundred armed men were secreted under the platform from which the President-elect was to speak, and that there were batteries of artillery in the streets to the right and left and rear of us, while a ring of volunteers encircled the waiting crowd.

A few minutes before the noon hour President Buchanan arrived at Willard's Hotel to escort his successor to the Capitol. Lincoln came out and entered the Presidential carriage. Then a company of sappers and miners of the regular army formed in a hollow

square about him, and moved down the avenue, followed by a few companies of uniformed volunteers. The Capitol reached, Lincoln entered the building arm in arm with Buchanan, and a few minutes later the two appeared upon the portico in front of us attended by the justices of the Supreme Court, Senators, Representatives, officers of the army and navy and the family of the President-elect. Accident, just before the ceremony began, formed an historic group. On one side was Stephen A. Douglas, Lincoln's defeated rival for the presidency, holding Lincoln's hat. On the other side stood Chief Justice Taney, author of the Dred Scott decision, and close to the latter President Buchanan. To the front and centre stood the President-elect, thus grouping the principal characters in the most momentous era of American history. Senator Baker, of Oregon, briefly introduced Lincoln, who, having unrolled his manuscript, stepped forward, and in a clear, firm voice, every word being heard by the most distant member of the listening throng, read his remarkable inaugural address. The people broke into cheers at the touching words with which it closed, and Lincoln, turning to the justices of the Supreme Court on his left, said, "I am now ready to take the oath prescribed by the Constitution." Chief Justice Taney administered the oath, Lincoln saluting the extended Bible with his lips, and the ceremony was at an end.

It is time, however, for us to visit the interior of the great building which has been the centre of so much history. Turn to Map No. 3 of the Capitol again, and note the two red lines with the figure 11 at the end of each, which spread out from the southwestern corner of the Hall of Representatives. We are to enter the Capitol through the House portico, and

Position 10. Map 3.

look down upon the Hall of Representatives from the southwest gallery.

Position 11. A Touching Tribute to McKinley's Memory,—Secretary Hay's Eulogy in the House of Representatives, Washington, U.S.A.

We are standing now in a legislative chamber unsurpassed in the world, and again we are witnesses of a historic scene. There at the Speaker's desk of white marble, in the centre of the south side of the hall, stands Secretary of State John Hay, delivering his noble eulogy on President McKinley. Around and in front of him are grouped most of the men most eminent in public life. The justices of the Supreme Court, beginning with Chief Justice Fuller on the right, occupy the seats directly in front of the orator, and across the aisle from them, but nearer to us we descry President Roosevelt, with Prince Henry of Prussia by his side. Immediately back of the Supreme Court justices are the ambassadors and representatives of other nations, and still farther back is the Senate. The House occupies the seats just below us. Beyond the speaker we see General Miles, made conspicuous by his military sash, with many other officers of the army and navy. On this side of the speaker, and directly in front of us, Secretary of War Root listens intently to his associate's praises of their former chief. There are a hundred men of distinction and renown in the throng before us, and there is food for pride in the thought that the man whose memory they have assembled to honor was worthy of all honor.

Could we enter this hall in which we are standing when the House was in session we should find it a busy and noisy place. I must tell you, however, that all

of the effective work of Congress is done by its various committees, and the utterances of Senators and Representatives on the floor of their respective chambers are in the main for political effect on their constituencies. Legislation is based on bills, resolutions and reports, and these run a curious gauntlet in their appropriate committees. When a piece of legislation in either of these forms has reached a determination in committee, the act of disposing of it by formal vote in either body of Congress is really a legal fiction, by which the decision of a committee is made the decision of the great assembly, and the matter becomes the law of the land, is killed outright, or is hung up indefinitely. It would be physically impossible for either house of Congress to consider a tenth of the bills introduced into it; hence its members are divided into committees, which do the considering for the whole body, and whatever a committee decides on is generally ratified by the body by formal vote. The committees are classified as Standing, or those appointed regularly by each Congress; Select, or such as may be required for special work, and which are liable to change with each Congress; and joint, which are appointed by each body to consider matters simultaneously. In the Senate, all committees are appointed by the President of that body; in the House, by the Speaker; and in each body the majority of members are appointed from the dominant political party. An old member is always assigned to an important committee; a young one, to a minor; and in general the profession or occupation of a member determines on which committee he shall serve. Nearly all committees are composed of an odd number of members, and in the case of the most important ones, several of their members, who retain their seats in either house of Congress, are continued from one house to another.

Position II. Map 3.

The character of a bill or resolution introduced into Congress determines the committee to whom it shall be referred for consideration. Each House has certain inherent rights in the matter of handling bills. The Constitution vests in the House the sole right of first receiving and considering every bill for raising public revenue; but the same instrument gives the Senate the right to propose amendments to such House bill, with which the House may or may not concur, as it deems most judicious. Hence, the House Committee on Ways and Means is one of the most important of the subordinate bodies. The most important Senate Committees are those on Foreign Relations, Appropriations, Commerce, Finance, Judiciary, Pensions, Post-offices, and Post Roads, Inter-State Commerce, Coast Defences, Railroads and Privileges and Elections; and the most important of the House Committees: Ways and Means, Foreign Affairs, Judiciary, Banking and Currency, Coinage, Weights and Measures, Patents, Private Land Claims, War Claims, the Territories, Revision of the Laws and Reform in the Civil Service. Both branches of Congress, you will see, have committees with similar functions; others of these are those on Military and Naval Affairs, Agriculture, Appropriations, Education, Manufactures and Fisheries.

The hall in which we now are has been since 1863 the meeting place of the House of Representatives, and here James G. Blaine, Roscoe Conkling, James A. Garfield, Samuel J. Randall, William McKinley and Thomas B. Reed did the work and won the fame which give them a place among the nation's noble dead. Before 1863 the House held its sessions in what is now the National Statuary Hall. Should we pass up that central isle in front of the Speaker's desk we should find a passage-way leading directly to that old Repre-

sentative Hall. Turning again to the Plan of the Principal Story of the Capitol, we easily find this passage leading from the present Hall of Representatives to Statuary Hall. Should we traverse this passage we should find ourselves in the historic room, designed by Latrobe after a Greek theatre, where Madison was inaugurated President in 1809 and again in 1813, where Monroe was inaugurated for his second term in 1821 and where Millard Fillmore took the oath of office as President on July 10, 1850, following the death of President Taylor. That is the hall in which Henry Clay presided as Speaker of the House in the old days. There occurred the stormy debates incident to the War of 1812 and the war with Mexico and the preliminary struggle over the vexed question of slavery. There Daniel Webster, Richard Henry Wilde, author of "My Life is Like the Summer Rose," and later Abraham Lincoln sat as obscure Congressmen, each before the day of his meridian fame. There John Quincy Adams was chosen President in 1825 over Andrew Jackson and William H. Crawford, when the election was thrown into the House of Representatives, and there in 1848, an aged and veteran member of the House, he was stricken with mortal illness and carried to an adjoining room to die.

Charles Dickens, who sat in the little gallery at the side of this chamber nearly every day during his visit to Washington, in 1842, gathering materials for his "American Notes," has left us a pen picture of it as it looked to his eyes. "It is a beautiful and spacious hall," he writes, "of semi-circular shape, supported by handsome pillars. One part of the gallery is appropriated to the ladies, and there they sit in the front rows and come in and go out as at a play or concert. The chair is canopied, and raised considerably above

Position 11. Map 3.

the floor of the house, and every member has an easy chair to himself, which is denounced by some people out of doors as a most unfortunate and injudicious arrangement, tending to long sittings and prosaic speeches. It is an elegant chamber to look at, but a singularly bad one for all purposes of hearing." An old oil sketch of the chamber, painted in 1822 by Samuel F. B. Morse, and now hanging in the Corcoran Art Gallery, corroborates Dicken's description of it to the very letter. It was set apart in 1864 as a National Statuary Hall—this at the suggestion of Justin S. Morrill, then a member of the House—"to which each State might send effigies of two of her chosen sons in marble or bronze to be placed permanently here." The gracious custom thus set afoot met with a hearty response from most of the States, and now ranged around the hall are nearly two score statues and portrait busts of the nation's great ones.

And now let us visit the Senate Chamber. Turning to the Plan of the Principal Story of the Capitol we note again that this room occupies the centre of the north wing, and that two red lines having the figures 12 at the end of each radiate from a point near its southwest corner. We are to view the Senate chamber from the apex of these lines.

Position 12. Senate Chamber, U. S. Capitol, Scene of Some of the Most Famous Debates in American History.

We have now traversed the entire length of the Capitol, and are standing near the southwest corner of the Senate chamber. It is a spacious room, almost as large as the House of Representatives which we left a moment ago. Note that the seats of the Senators are

arranged in concentric rows, and that the aisles radiate from the dais of the Vice-President's desk on the north side of the room. The desks which we see in front of the dais are those of the clerks and official reporters, while the door to their right and rear leads to the Vice-President's Room and the Senators' Reception Room. (See the Plan of the Principal Story of the Capitol.) The room of the Vice-President, who is also presiding officer of the Senate, contains Peale's portrait of Washington and a bust of Vice-President Henry Wilson, whose sudden death occurred in this room on November 22, 1875. The Senators' Reception Room is popularly known as the Marble Room, from the fact that it is constructed wholly of that material. A second door, hidden from our view on our left, leads to the Room of the President. This room is set apart for the use of the President when he visits the Capitol, and is the one to which he comes in the closing hours of the session to sign the last bills before adjournment.

Since 1859 the Senate has held its sessions in the chamber in which we are standing, and here have occurred many historic events, including the impeachment trial of President Andrew Johnson. The Senate is a much more leisurely body than the House, and could we visit this chamber at another time we should find it very sparsely populated during the first minutes of the session, which begins precisely at noon with a prayer by the chaplain. One morning a few sessions ago only one Senator appeared in his seat at the appointed hour. Thereupon the President *pro tem* struck the desk with his gavel, and, with the utmost gravity, said: "The Senator from Massachusetts will come to order." The Senator obeyed and the prayer went on. During the presidency *pro tem* of Ben Wade a new and bashful Senator told him he desired very much to obtain the

floor to ask unanimous consent to pass a certain entirely unobjectionable bill. "Oh, bring it right up after prayer," said the old man. "First-rate time to pass your bill when no Senators are about." It is needless to say that the advice of the experienced old stager was taken, and with the desired result. It should be said that it was a bill to which none would have objected, for a more honest man never sat in a public body than the rugged old Senator from Ohio.

Debate in the Senate, unlike procedure in the House, is entirely free. The only way debate can be cut off by the majority and a vote on a measure be compelled is by refusing to adjourn. If the minority is a small one, a continuous session of two or three days and nights will usually bring it to terms. In such a case members of the majority can relieve each other and get some rest, still leaving enough constantly on guard to vote down an adjournment. If the minority weary of speech, there is still another method for obstructing a vote, and that is by alternate motions to adjourn, and to go into executive session. These motions are always in order and are not debatable, and the yeas and nays can be ordered on them every time by one-fifth of the Senators present. Eighteen members are one-fifth of the Senate as it is now constituted. A minority strong enough to keep that number always in the Senate Chamber without any being continuously deprived of rest, could revolutionize the Government.

When the debate begins the effect is to relieve Senators from further attention to the business in hand. Some Senator charged with the subject commences a speech, to which half a dozen may listen some of the time. Others begin writing letters, some go to their committee rooms, and a still larger number repair to the cloak rooms behind us, to tell stories, and do a little

log-rolling for measures of their own. The two cloak rooms are spacious and comfortable, well supplied with sofas and easy chairs. The Democrats use one of these and the Republicans the other. "There are legends of an olden time" when some of the old boys of the Senate indulged themselves in a convivial way in some of the committee rooms, but the better opinion now prevails that they are all very circumspect. In the Senate restaurant, where the sale of liquors and wines is strictly forbidden, the sinful caterer appeals from the rules to the higher law, and serves whatever is called for. This is an improvement upon the time, not thirty years ago, when liquors were dispensed from a regular bar in the Capitol, in an out-of-the-way room, known as the "Hole in the Wall."

Perhaps it will surprise you to know that the Senate sat at all times with closed doors during the first six years after our Government went into operation under the Constitution. Not even the members of the House of Representatives were permitted to invade its hiding place. A resolution, providing that "the doors of the Senate chamber shall be open when the Senate is sitting in their legislative capacity, to the end that such of the citizens of the United States as may choose to hear the debates of this House may have an opportunity of so doing," was voted down April 30, 1790, just one year after Washington's first inauguration, and the same proposition was rejected at the two following sessions. On the 18th of April, 1792, some bold and venturesome Senator made a motion to admit the members of the House of Representatives to attend the debates of the Senate when sitting in its legislative capacity. It received but six affirmative votes against sixteen in the negative. On the 9th of December, 1795, secrecy was abolished except in cases where specially ordered. All

Position 12. Map 3.

nominations to office subject to confirmation by the Senate are still considered in executive or secret session. A motion to go into executive session is always in order, and when such a motion is carried there is a quick clearing of outsiders from the galleries in front and to the right of us. There is a great deal of popular curiosity as to what occurs in the secret sessions of the Senate. A former clerk of the Senate once told me that his observations in the executive sessions have led him to the opinion that the average man, like the average boy, behaves himself better before folks than he does in private groups. Not that anything goes on behind the closed doors of an unseemly character. The proceedings are as orderly as at other times, barring a little relaxation in the way of moving about and smoking. But men do not always vote as they would under the public eye. Scenes from the "School for Scandal" are sometimes enacted by the picking to pieces of private character, and on the other hand unsavory reputations are sometimes mended by the partiality of strong personal friendship.

Prior to 1859 the Senate held its sessions in what is now the Supreme Court Room. Turn to the Plan of the Principal Story of the Capitol, and note again that this chamber occupies the east front of what was formerly the north wing, and that it is entered from the west. Note also the two red lines, with the figure 13 at the end of each, which radiate from a point near the southern wall of this chamber. Our next point of vision will be the apex of these lines.

Position 13. Supreme Court Room in the Capitol, Chair of the Chief Justice before Arch, Washington, U.S.A.

We are standing now in the meeting place of the most august of earthly tribunals—a semi-circular hall,

with low-domed ceiling, designed by Latrobe, after Greek models. Before us is the Bench of the Supreme Court, with the chairs of the Chief Justice in the centre, and those of the eight Associates on either side. The manner in which the Supreme Court is opened is most impressive. The judges file in slowly in their black silk gowns, and as they appear the crier calls out: "The Honorable the Chief Justice and the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States—Oyez, oyez, oyez! All persons having business before the Honorable the Supreme Court of the United States are admonished to draw near and give their attention, for the Court is now sitting. God save the United States and this Honorable Court!" The spectators all stand during this ceremony, and anybody who absent-mindedly or ignorantly remains seated is instantly stirred up by the venerable negro doorkeeper. The Chief Justice takes his seat in the middle of the bench, and the eight Associate Justices range themselves on either side of him, taking precedence according to the number of years they have served, the seat of honor being on the Chief Justice's right hand. Judge Harlan occupies it now.

There is a singular power of attraction in the Supreme Court to the stranger in Washington. Every day in the session the space in the room in which we are standing reserved for visitors is almost constantly filled. No matter how uninteresting the case being argued may be, there is entertainment for the mind in the appearance of the old chamber and the row of dignified men whose opinions count for so much in American jurisprudence. One who is permitted to go into the robing-room and the other apartments frequented by the Justices when the court is in session feels at once the spell of antiquity and dignity cast by the honorable body. This robing-room is an oblong apartment hidden from view on our

Position 13. Map 3.

left. Its northern windows look out upon the open space formed by the junction of the old north wing of the Capitol with the Senate wing. The adornments of the room are few and unpretentious. There is a fireplace embellished by rich, white marble carving, which is a source of much favorable criticism by those who are permitted to inspect it, and no fewer than three portraits of John Marshall. The view from the west window of the robing room is very fine. The city lies at your feet, and you get a good idea of the plan, with the broad avenues radiating like the spokes of a wheel from the Capitol. Across the roofs and steeples you have a glimpse of Arlington away over on the heights beyond the river, and the shaft of the Monument stands beautifully outlined against the sky, challenging for the hundredth time your admiration for its simple majesty. From this window during the Civil War one could watch through a spy-glass the manœuvres of the Confederate troops across the Potomac.

Saturday is conference day at the Court. The judges meet in a large room on the floor below us to discuss the business of the tribunal. It is a bright, cheerful library, lined with law-books from floor to ceiling, and looks very cosy and attractive. The Chief Justice takes up each case in turn, and starts the discussion by asking the Junior Justice—that is, the Justice last appointed—what he thinks respecting it. General conversation on the subject follows, and a vote of the merits of the case is taken. The votes are recorded in a clasped volume provided with a lock, which is known as the "locked docket." Its contents are not revealed to anybody. If they got out the news might be used for speculative purposes. But the voting at conference does not finally decide the case. On the same night usually the Chief assigns all of the cases which have been thus discussed

and voted on to the Associate Justices for re-examination. He gives them out with reference to the recognized specialties of the judges. Harlan's specialty is constitutional law. Brown's *forte* is admiralty law. McKenna is exceptionally well informed as to land grants and mining. Brewer is an excellent all around man, with a marvelous memory for precedents.

Each judge goes over the case assigned to him just as if he had never seen it before. He writes out his opinion respecting its merits and sends the manuscript to the printer. Proofs are returned to him at once, and he sends one of them to each of the other Justices. They cut it to pieces, altering it ruthlessly, correcting its style and diction, criticizing its law, and even changing the spelling and punctuation. There is no such thing as Supreme Court courtesy. No embarrassment of etiquette restrains one Justice from chewing up the opinions of another. The eight proofs thus corrected are sent back to the author of the opinion. He revises the latter in the light of the suggestions thus received. But even now it is not complete. On the next Saturday it is taken up in conference and again criticized and amended, cut down or amplified. Of course, you see the document must eventually represent the united opinion of the whole bench. Once in a while, though not often, it happens that one or more of the Judges dissent from the opinion of the majority, and in that case a minority opinion will be rendered.

The requirements of an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, you will see, are somewhat arduous, yet the methodical members of the court find it possible to adopt a daily programme which affords them probably as much leisure as the average business or professional man manages to secure. The court convenes on the second Monday in October and adjourns about the middle

Position 13. Map 3.

of May. The law requires that each Justice visit his circuit every two years, the United States being divided into as many circuits as there are Supreme Court Justices. They take advantage of the summer vacation to comply with this regulation, and either sit on the bench with the judges of their circuits or hear cases separately. The length of the stay of each in his circuit is optional, but most of the Judges show a conscientious regard for the law.

No other legal tribunal that ever existed has possessed such well nigh absolute power as is wielded by the Supreme Court. It can even overthrow any law passed by Congress and signed by the President, if it chooses to discover a constitutional flaw in the measure, and from its decision there is no appeal. Such awe does it inspire that lawyers of great reputation and experience who come here to plead before it are often seized with fright, tremble, turn pale and forget their words in its presence. On the other hand, it sometimes happens that a country attorney will exhibit the utmost sangfroid in addressing the august row of black gowns. Not long ago an advocate of this caliber was arguing a patent case before the court. He claimed an infringement in rights in the manufacture of a new style of collar button. Incidentally he spoke at length and with enthusiasm on the varied merits of the invention. One of the justices interrupted his discourse by saying:

"I wish to ask if, among the numerous admirable qualities of this collar button, one of particular and indispensable importance is embraced. In a word, if it falls and rolls under the bureau can it be found again?"

The query was put with the utmost apparent gravity, and it staggered the lawyer completely, so that, after adding a few hesitating remarks, he closed his argument. Justice Brown and Justice Harlan were both convulsed

with mirth, because it happened that each one of them had lost a collar button that very morning. Brown's had rolled under the fireplace and lodged in a spot secure from recovery. Whether the joke had any influence in the decision favorable to the plaintiff which was rendered nobody could tell.

A stately and beautiful pile is the Capitol to which we have just been making a pilgrimage, and it has an equally beautiful neighbor in the new Library of Congress which faces it from the southeast. Turn now to the General Map of Washington and note the two red lines, having the figure 14 at the end of each, which radiate east and south from the Capitol grounds. Our position is to be on the dome of the Capitol, from which point we shall look over that portion of Washington included between these lines.

Position 14. The Magnificent New Congressional Library, Most Spacious of Book Repositories, Washington, U.S.A.

We are standing now in the dome of the Capitol looking southeast. Directly before us is the Library of Congress. The tree-flanked thoroughfare in the rear is Pennsylvania Avenue, stretching out to the Anacostia, beyond which rise the Maryland hills. Hidden from view in our rear and on our right are the White House and the Potomac. The splendid structure before us, however, claims, for the moment, all our thought and admiration. It covers, as you see, come four acres, and in architectural detail and in the costliness and beauty of its finish is the gem of our national buildings. Its gilded dome is not a lofty one, because it was desired that the Capitol should remain the unrivaled centre about which all other architectural monuments should be held in

subordination, and this was a wise decision. Each of these two great buildings here on Capitol Hill adds something to the impressiveness of the other. There is harmony in the general effect, and each maintains its entire individuality.

The Library was begun in 1889, and completed in 1897 at a cost, exclusive of site, of six million dollars. Its architect was Paul J. Pelz, whose design for a structure of the Italian Renaissance order of architecture was selected from those submitted by a number of competitors. Many subsequent modifications of the design were made, but the credit is primarily and essentially due to Mr. Pelz. The construction of the building was in charge of General Thomas L. Casey, Chief of Engineers in the Army, and its practical superintendence was from the beginning assigned to Bernard R. Green, an engineer of high ability. New Hampshire granite is the material of the exterior, while marbles from every quarter of the globe are represented in the interior.

The Library of Congress, like most of our national institutions, had a very modest beginning, and its early history was a checkered and unfortunate one. A valuable beginning had been made in the first years of the last century, but the books were all burned by the British when in 1814 they fired the building beneath us. Then Congress bought Thomas Jefferson's library of about 7,000 volumes, and made it the nucleus for a second collection, which in 1851 had grown to about 55,000 volumes. In that year came another fire, from which only 20,000 books were rescued. A new beginning was made the next year when Congress appropriated $55,000 for purchases; and subsequent annual appropriations filled the breach. The building before us houses more than a million volumes, besides manuscripts, maps, charts, pieces of music, prints and law books.

Position 14. Map 2.

The growth of the library, now one of the great book collections of the world, has made several large bounds through special accessions such as the scientific library of the Smithsonian Institution; but by far the largest source of supply has come from the copyright law, which requires the deposit in the Library of Congress of two copies of each publication that claims protection under the American copyright provisions. The fact that much of the material thus accumulated would be worthless for the purposes of the Boston or Chicago public libraries, or for such a great reference collection as the New York Public Library does not have any bearing upon the functions of the national library here in Washington. It is of the utmost importance, both for present and for future purposes, that there should be one comprehensive collection of American books and publications of all kinds preserved and arranged so as to bear faithful testimony to the life, thought and work of the American people from year to year. The Library of Congress, besides its complete stores of American books, also preserves many newspaper files. The future student of any department of our national history must find the vast collection housed over yonder his principal source of knowledge.

But it is time for us to pay a visit to the interior of this great hive of knowledge. We will accordingly descend from the Dome, cross the Capitol Grounds, and, climbing the stairway of the central pavilion, pass through great bronze doors into the central stair hall of the first or library floor. Turn to the General Map of Washington and note in the plan of the Library the two red lines, numbered 15, which radiate to the northwest and show the position we are to take and the portion of the Library we are to see.

Position 14. Map 2.

Position 15. Decorative Splendors of the Entrance Hall of the Great Congressional Library, Washington, U.S.A.

We are standing now in one of the noblest entrance halls designed by modern hands. It has been happily described as "a vision of polished stone," for this splendid apartment, as you will note, is lined throughout with fine Italian marble, while all around us rise lofty rounded columns, with carved capitals of Corinthian design, supporting arches adorned with carvings of exquisite finish and delicacy. The vaulted ceiling above us rises seventy-two feet to the skylight, and is rich in tablets which bear the names of the great masters of thought of all recorded time. Each moment offers a fresh delight to the eye, but, perhaps, the most striking feature of this hall is the grand double staircase, with its white marble balustrades leading up on either side to the second story. Let us draw a little nearer to the north stairway and view it at a different angle. Turning again to the plan of the Library on Map No. 2, note the two red lines connected with the figure 16, which show approximately our next position.

Position 16. Grand Staircase, Library of Congress, Washington, U.S.A.

Mark the imposing architectural effect of the broad stairway, and the simple grace and beauty of the bronze lamp bearer which towers above us. The archway on our right leads into the entrance hall from which we have just come, and thence to the great reading-room of the library. The reading-room fills the central rotunda of the building, from which radiate bookstacks, and which is inclosed in a parallelogram of galleries and pavilions. The central reading-room has three stories, and had we

time to visit all of them we could spend many pleasant and profitable hours studying the works of the painters and sculptors who with loving skill and labor wrought their adornment. Instead, however, we will go out again into the open air, and returning to the Capitol look west from the dome.

Turn to the General Map of Washington and locate the two red lines which start from the Capitol and radiate west and northwest, each having the number 17 at its end on the map margin. From this new position on the Capitol dome, we ought to be able to see not only the Mall but the Monument and Pennsylvania Avenue to the Treasury Building, the Executive Grounds and west over the Potomac to Virginia.

Position 17. From the Dome of the Capitol West, down Pennsylvania Avenue to Post-office and over the Mall, Washington, U.S.A.

It is the noon hour, as we can see by the shadows cast by the trees at our feet. There to the left looms the Monument, backed by the Virginia hills; on our right Pennsylvania Avenue stretches to the Treasury Building and directly beyond over the trees the White House is dimly seen. The Library of Congress is behind us, and the Pension Office and the Potomac hidden from view on our right and left. The cupola which we see rising a few blocks in the rear of Congress Hall tops the Pennsylvania Railroad Station, while to the north of that structure—but just out of our range of vision—at Fourth and C streets are the First Presbyterian and the Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal churches, where Grant, Cleveland, McKinley and other Presidents worshiped in the past. The shaded ground in front of us is the National Botanical Garden, and the conserva-

Positions 16, 17. Map 2.

tory, whose cupola we can see on the extreme left, contains large collections of rare plants from all parts of the world. North of this conservatory is the Bartholdi Fountain.

The structure with the tall tower near the farther end of Pennsylvania Avenue is the Post-Office Building, and on the opposite side of the avenue and beyond the Post-Office Building is the new Willard's Hotel, which a year or two ago replaced a hostelry that was long one of the landmarks of Washington. It was at the earlier Willard's, for many years the leading hotel of the capital, that Presidents-elect Pierce, Buchanan and Lincoln lodged when they came to Washington, and it was past Willard's that unnumbered regiments marched down over the Long Bridge and into the Civil War. Sight of its successor reminds me of a thrilling story told me by the late Andrew G. Curtin.

The great war Governor of Pennsylvania was in Washington on a December night in 1862. Returning at a late hour to Willard's Hotel, he was accosted by an aged woman, whose rusty garb and anxious face made it plain that she was poor and in distress. The battle of Fredericksburg had just been fought, and the Union killed and wounded had mounted into the thousands. The woman's only son was a private in a Pennsylvania regiment, and she had not heard from him since the fight. So, with little more than her railway fare, she had come to Washington to search for him. Would not the Governor help her to get through the lines to nurse him or to carry his body home? Governor Curtin heard the number of the young man's regiment with a sudden choking at the throat. He had come that day from the field of battle, and knew that it had been cut to pieces. There was moisture in his eyes when he told her that in the morning he would either see the

President or the Secretary of War, and get her a pass through the lines.

Then he drew the old woman's arm within his own, escorted her to the street, hailed a cab, helped her into it, and, paying the cabman his fee, told him to drive his charge to a lodging-house where the Governor was well known and had sent many a destitute friend. It was a clear night, and, as the cab rattled away, the thought occurred to the Governor that a short walk might induce sleep. He lighted a cigar and strolled down the avenue, but had not gone far when he met Ben Wade and John Sherman homeward bound from the Capitol, where there had been a night session of Congress. The three men halted under a street lamp and entered into conversation. Fredericksburg was the topic, and the Governor told, among other things, of the old lady in search of her son. He was thus engaged when a cab halted on the nearest corner. There was a woman inside, and the driver, with oaths, was demanding that she should leave the cab. Intuition told the Governor that the woman was his old lady. A few quick strides carried him to the side of the cab and confirmed his suspicion. The cabman had spent his fee for liquor, and, now, drunk and bewildered, was seeking to pitch his charge into the street.

"You infernal rascal," roared the Governor, "what do you mean? Did I not pay you to take this old lady to a lodging-house?"

Curtin's companions had come up by this time, and Ben Wade, sensing the situation, gave vent to a stream of profanity that would have done credit to a pirate captain. He wanted the cabman whipped and he wanted to help whip him. But the driver, who also looked the bully, noisily declared that he had never seen the Governor before, and would punch his head if he did not

Position 17. Map 2.

promptly go about his business. The war of words was still raging when there appeared on the scene a six-foot soldier, who wore in his cap the tail of a buck,—the latter the emblem of Pennsylvania's fighting brigade, the Bucktails. He was promptly hailed. "Do you know me?" asked the Governor. "Yes, sir. You're Andy Curtin," was the reply. "Do you think you can lick that fellow?" and Curtin pointed to the cabman, who was exchanging curses with Ben Wade. "Governor," said the Bucktail, "hold my rifle." Three minutes later it was all over, and the cabman looked as though he had encountered a Kansas cyclone. Then the soldier, at the Governor's request, escorted the old lady to the lodging-house. Passes were secured for her the next day, and she went to the front to find her boy seriously but not fatally wounded.

"Was that the end of the story?" I asked the Governor, when he told it to me just before his death.

"There was a little more to it," said he, a smile lighting up his fine old face. "Whenever a man does me a good turn I like to do him one, and I felt myself under a lively obligation to that soldier. One of the first things I did when I returned home was to have an order issued for him to report forthwith in Harrisburg,—I had taken care to ascertain his name, regiment and company,—and when he came I gave him a lieutenant's commission. His after-career proved that I had made no mistake. Bravery on the field speedily brought him promotion, first to the rank of captain and then to that of major. He fell at Spottsylvania while leading his regiment as its lieutenant-colonel."

It is a thousand moving and tender associations of this sort that endear Washington to every American; and no structure within its confines is charged with a fuller store of glorious memories than the one whose white

roof smiles at us through yonder foliage. Let us stroll westward along Pennsylvania Avenue and look at the White House from Lafayette Square. Turn now to Map No 4, "White House and Vicinity," and find the two red lines which radiate southward from the number 18 in a circle in the southern side of Lafayette Square. From the apex of these lines we shall look to the north front of the White House.

Position 18. The White House, the Historic Residence of the Nation's Chief, North Front, Washington, U.S.A.

And this is the White House, for more than a hundred years the official residence of our Presidents! The Capitol is now on our left, and Georgetown on our right, while behind us is the fashionable section of Washington. The Capitol aside, the beautiful building in front of us is the oldest structure in Washington devoted to public uses. It was in March, 1792, shortly after the completion of the survey of the new Federal city, that the commissioners of the district advertised for designs for the Capitol and for the President's House, offering in each instance a premium of $500 and a building lot to the author of the accepted design. Among the submitted designs was one by James Hoban, a young architect of Charleston, S. C. This design, which followed that of the palace of the Duke of Leinster in Dublin, being approved, Hoban was awarded the premium and engaged to superintend the construction of the mansion, which was soon given the name of White House. Tradition has it that this name was prompted by the popular regard for Washington's wife, whose early home on the Pamunky River, in Virginia, was so called. It will also interest you to know that Washington himself

Position 18. Map 4.

selected this site for the White House and laid the corner-stone here on October 13, 1792.

John Adams was the first President to occupy the building before us; and you can read in Mrs. Adams' letters how she used the unfinished East Room, the room on the first floor to the left of the portico, for drying clothes, and of the literal "housewarming" she made to take the dampness out of the walls, with no end of trouble to obtain firewood enough for the purpose. When the British captured Washington, in August, 1814, the White House was still unfinished—an unsightly pile standing amid ill-kept grounds, surrounded by a cheap paling fence. After the invaders had burned the Capitol and just as they were about to countermarch to their ships, having pillaged the house quite at their leisure for twenty-four hours, they brought fire from a beer shop and set it ablaze, and then trudged off quite merrily in the light of the conflagration until caught in the historic thunderstorm of that summer night, which so pelted and battered them that they thought it was the wrath of Heaven upon their vandalism. There is only one memento of the fire in the White House to-day—the picture of Washington which hangs in the East Room—once called a Gilbert Stuart, but now known to be the work of an English artist of no fame, who copied faithfully Stuart's style. The fraud was not discovered until some time after the original had been shipped to England—too late to recover it. Every visitor is told that Mrs. Madison cut this painting out of its frame with a pair of shears, to save it from the enemy when she fled from the town; but in her own letter describing the hasty flight, she says that Mr. Custis, the grandson of Mrs. Washington, hastened over from Arlington to rescue the precious portrait, and that a servant cut the outer frame with

an axe, so that the canvas could be removed, stretched on an inner frame. The story of the shears is a pretty one, but, like so many other entertaining historical anecdotes, is a fiction.

There is no building in the world where, in the same space of time, more of history has centered than in this shining white mansion, with its air of stately simplicity, of dignity and repose, which now commands our admiration. Twenty-five Presidents have lived in it, and two have died in it. One went from it with a group of friends to be struck down by an assassin's bullet in a theatre, and to be carried unconscious to a death-bed in a strange house. One, in full midcurrent of life, sturdy of brain and body and glowing with patriotic purposes, was shot in the Baltimore and Ohio railway station, and brought here to languish through weeks of pain, struggling manfully with death, all the world looking on with a universal sympathy never before shown to mortal man, to be borne, as a last hope, to the seaside, and there to die.

There have been marriages and merrymakings, too, within these walls, jovial feasts and ceremonial banquets; grave councils of state that shaped the destiny of the nation; secret intrigues and midnight conclaves that made or unmade political parties; war councils that flashed forth orders, on telegraph wires, which moved great armies and set lines of battle in deadly front. The history of the White House is, in fact, a governmental and political history of the United States from 1800 to this day; it is also a history of the domestic lives, the ambitions, and the personal traits of twenty-five Presidents, their families and their near friends and advisers. This history, however, has left few traces behind in the way of memories or traditions in the White House. One cannot even learn where the elder Harrison died,

Position 18. Map 4.

after his brief four weeks of power, or where bluff Zachary Taylor breathed his last.

The few traditions that cling to the house are incongruous mosaics of tragedy and gayety. "Here," an attendant will tell you, pointing to a particular place in the East Room, "is where Lincoln lay in his coffin; and here," moving a few steps away, "is where Nellie Grant stood when she was married to the young Englishman, Sartoris." You are informed that at such a place in the Blue Room the President usually stands at receptions, and in the next breath are told that "this is the window where they brought President Garfield in after he was shot, taking him up the back stairs because of the crowd in front." It seems as if the memory of the two martyred Presidents were alone destined to haunt the White House, all others fading away with the lapse of time. Indeed, if one wants to find some trace of the angular and resolute personality of Jackson, or of the polite and graceful Van Buren, or of that hardy soldier Zachary Taylor, or even of occupants as late as the courtly Buchanan, he will be disappointed; and a still more recent President—Grant—finds his permanent fame dependent far more upon his career as a general than on that as chief magistrate, and has left in the building he occupied for eight years few memories that are still fresh.

Truth to tell, the mansion before us is an official hotel. The guests come and go, and when they leave they take with them, along with their trunks, whatever of personality they diffused through its stately apartments while they remained. Some have lived in the house in the spirit of a freehold owner, sure of undisturbed possession; some, like short-term tenants, never feeling quite at home. Of the latter were the family of President Johnson, one of whose daughters said:

"We are plain people from the mountains of Tennessee, called here for a time by a great national calamity. We hope too much will not be expected of us." Whether proud or modest in their temper or belongings, however, the Presidents, when once they have surrendered the reins of power, soon drop back into the dim procession of their predecessors. One of the saddest spectacles connected with official life in Washington is the hasty packing of the effects of an outgoing President just before the fateful fourth of March which ends his power. After noon of that day the family has no more right here than the passing stranger on the street; and while the cannon are firing salvos of welcome to the new President, and the long procession is moving up Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol front, where he is to be inaugurated, the White House family are gathering their personal effects together and taking last looks at the rooms where they have been honored and courted for years, the delightful sense of greatness and power they have enjoyed so long now cut short in a single day.

One word more as to the history of the White House before we pay a visit to its interior. When it was fired by the British in 1814 the interior only of the house was destroyed, the walls remaining intact. Hoban, its designer, restored the interior, though he did not complete it until some time after Monroe succeeded to the Presidency in 1817. There was no change in the exterior of the White House from that time until a year ago, when the changes were begun that have given it its present form.

These changes included low wings to the right and left of the main structure, which have been added to furnish ample business quarters for the President and his staff. The additions admirably serve the purpose for which they were intended, yet one cannot help but

feel that they have taken something from the beauty of the White House as our fathers knew it.

Let us now cross the beautiful lawn in front of us, and, passing through the noble portico of the White House and the vestibule to which it gives entrance, and then through a smaller hall to the left of the latter apartment, pay a visit to the great East Room.

Position 19. East Room, where Presidential Receptions are held (North towards Front),—White House, Washington, U.S.A.

We are standing now near the western wall of the East Room—a spacious apartment forty feet wide and eighty-two feet in length, used by the President for public receptions. Lafayette Square is in front of us, the Treasury Building on our right, and in our rear the Monument, the Potomac and the Virginia and Maryland hills. As you note the noble dimensions of the room in which we are standing you will not be surprised when I tell you that it was originally intended for a banqueting hall; and that here we have a souvenir of the aristocratic notions of the Virginians and South Carolinians of the early days of the republic. Hoban must have been encouraged in his idea that a President of the United States would occasionally give a mighty feast, like those given by kings and princes and powerful noblemen in the Old World. Probably neither he nor Washington, whom he must have consulted, imagined that the room would be needed, and besides be much too small, for the miscellaneous crowd which, in another generation, would overflow the Mansion at public receptions. And how many memorable incidents have had this room for their setting. Weddings have occurred here and funerals without number. President Harrison's was the

first funeral to be held here. In October, 1842, the first wife of President Tyler was buried from this room. A year and five months after her death, the first week in March, 1844, the funerals of four victims of the disaster on board the *Princeton* by the bursting of the gun "Peacemaker" were held here. The fifth victim of distinction, Virgil Maxey, ex-Minister to the Hague, was not brought to the White House, but had a private funeral at the house of friends. The four who lay in state in this room were Secretary of State Abel P. Upshur, Secretary of the Navy Gilmer, Commodore Kennon and ex-State Senator Gardiner, of Gardiner's Island, N. Y., whose daughter Julia the following June became the wife of President Tyler.

President Zachary Taylor died on July 9, 1850, and his remains lay in state several days in this room and were carried thence with great pomp. Thus, between April, 1841, and July, 1850, seven funerals were held in the Executive Mansion—two Presidents, one President's wife and four officers and citizens of commanding positions. This was the most tragic decade in the history of the Mansion as to the number of its dead. A long interregnum was now vouchsafed, until the funeral here of Willie Lincoln in February, 1862, followed by that of his father in April, 1865.

From the hall to our left and in front of us a stairway leads to the upper floor of the Mansion. A broad hall runs from end to end of the second story, and from this hall open on either hand the living and sleeping rooms of the President and his family. The first room on the south side of the eastern end of the hall, which is used as picture gallery, promenade and smoking-room, is the family sitting-room and parlor—a spacious and comfortable apartment. The second room beyond is the bedroom occupied by Lincoln and Grant, and the one

Position 19. Map 4.

made historic by Garfield's long suffering. It will surprise you, however, to know that until a very recent period hospitality, save in the restricted sense of giving dinners, was almost an impossibility for the President, for the reason that the subordination of the building from its originally purposed use as a dwelling for the chief magistrate to its official use as a bureau of appointments and a rendezvous for patronage-hunting politicians, left no sleeping accommodations for guests. There were, until the recent remodeling of the White House, only seven sleeping rooms in the mansion, besides those of the servants on the basement floor beneath us. Thus, if a President had a moderately numerous household, he could hardly spare for guests more than the big state bedroom. A President might wish to invite an embassador and his family, or a party of distinguished travellers from abroad, to spend a few days at the White House, but he could not do so without finding lodgings elsewhere for members of his own household.

The door in front of us and to the left opens into a corridor which extends through the central structure to the west wing. Three of the rooms opening off from this corridor to the south have taken name from the predominant color scheme of the decoration. The Green Room adjoins the apartment in which we are standing, and beyond it are the Blue Room and the Red Room. The Green Room, used for a music room, contains portraits of several former mistresses of the White House, and a study of them leads one to the belief that our Presidents' wives, with few exceptions, have been simple matrons who on their elevation to the first social station in the country have performed their duties creditably, with that ready adaptation to new conditions which is so marked a peculiarity of American women. In recent

times there has been a mistress of the Mansion who taught her boys Latin and Greek and read the best of current literature, and another who is remembered for her kindly and cordial ways and earnest interest in charities and reforms. One has left a tradition of elegant manners; one never appeared in public, but lived in seclusion, devoted to domestic duties, and making with her own hands butter from the milk of a favorite cow. The Blue Room, which adjoins the apartment in which hang the portraits of many of these women, is used by the President as a reception-room, and the Red Room, beyond it, is used for receptions by the ladies of the President's household. Opening from the room last named, in the southwest corner of the central structure, is the State Dining-room, only used when large companies are entertained at dinner. Now and then the room in which we are standing is made to serve as a banqueting hall, but most of the formal dinners given by the President have for their setting the State Dining-room. Let us traverse the corridor on our left and pay a visit to this apartment.

Position 20. Dignified Beauty of the State Dining Room in the White House (facing west wall), Washington, U.S.A.

We are standing now near the northeast corner of the State Dining-room and looking toward the west wall. This apartment in early times was called the "company dining-room," to distinguish it from the family dining-room across the hall. The long table on our left seats thirty-eight persons. In the middle sits the President, and opposite the mistress of the mansion. No order of precedence is observed in going in to dinner, or in seating the guests. Something of this sort was attempted in the first days, but abandoned

as not practicable, and perhaps also as not sensible, in a country with democratic institutions.

There was a time when it was thought the duty of the President to invite each Senator and Representative to dinner once a year; but as the two Houses have grown in their membership this burdensome custom has fallen into disuse. President Johnson was the last to adhere to it. If a President's dinner invitations include, in a single season, the Senators, the Justices of the Supreme Court, the members of the Cabinet, the foreign ministers and a sprinkling of influential members of the lower House and distinguished officers of the army and navy, he is thought to have done his duty in this direction with sufficient liberality. Much the best of White House sociability is found at informal dinners and lunches, at which only a few guests are present with the President's family, and at evenings "at home," for which no cards are sent out. Then there is conversation and music, and one may meet a score of famous men with their wives and daughters.

Some Presidents are remembered for the number of their state dinners, others for their receptions and others for the cordial social tone they gave to the life of the mansion by small entertainments, by being accessible to all the world, and by making people feel at home. Each presidential household has modified in some degree the customs of the place to suit its own tastes and habits. Perhaps the most important innovation on long-established precedent was made by General Grant, who broke through the traditional etiquette which forbade a President to make visits. Formerly the President saw the inside of no house but his own, and was in some sort a prisoner during his term of office. He could drive out or go to the theatre, but he could not make a social call or attend a reception at a friend's house. Now he

goes to weddings and parties, makes calls and dines out as freely as any other citizen. Indeed, the tendency of White House customs is toward less formality, and more ease and freedom of social intercourse, rather than in the other direction.

Aforetime the business quarters of the President were on the floor above us. Thus, the room in which Lincoln and many another President performed weighty service is directly over the East Room, while the Cabinet Room of other days is over the Green Room. Though the offices of the President have now been removed to the new west wing, which covers the site of the conservatory of an earlier day, it is possible for us to set time and change at naught, and, ascending to the floor above us, pay a visit to the Chief Executive in the room where formerly his Cabinet held their meetings.

Position 21. President Roosevelt in the Cabinet Room, the White House, Washington, U.S.A.

We are standing now in the presence of the President, but not in the historic room where Lincoln signed the Proclamation of Emancipation; that is on our right, in the southeast corner of this second story. This very room, however, was used by Lincoln as his office, and is endeared by a thousand wise and kindly acts of the great war President. The walls of the apartment in which the President greets us are hung, as you will note, with portraits of his predecessors, and the room is rich in other objects of historic interest. But we are most concerned for the moment with the stalwart American before us, and with the duties and labors of his great office. It has well been said that the man who takes this office indentures himself to four years of the heaviest servitude that ever fell to the lot of any mortal. and that a President who should not bring to the White

Positions 20, 21. Map 4.

House a relish for drudgery, business-like habits of the nicest discrimination and a constitution of iron would be President only in name, even as regards his more important duties. The President as commander-in-chief of the army and navy is accountable to the people for the personnel and efficiency of both services; he is the supervisor of the acts of the members of the Cabinet, who are the heads of the executive departments; with him rests the power to grant reprieves and pardons; he is charged with the responsibility of our relations with all other nations, and with few exceptions he must select men to fill all vacancies in the vast army of public officials.

Furthermore, he must undergo the clerical drudgery of signing every nomination and commission; and finally he must sit in judgment on all legislation, impart information to the houses of Congress on the state of the Union and suggest measures necessary to the furtherance of the domestic and foreign policy of his administration. This is a long catalogue of labors for the man who has risen from his chair to greet us, but perhaps the most onerous of his duties is the reception of the visitors who, for one reason or another, make demands upon his time and good nature. Persons who seek audience with the President are met at the door by a quiet, sagacious, gray-haired man, who has an instinct for distinguishing people of consequence from the general multitude. Senators, judges, governors and other men of note find their cards taken directly to the President; persons of small account are referred to a polite man of color, who is the warden of the private secretary's door. Their business must be explained to the secretary, and few of them ever get any nearer to the seat of power. The hours for callers are from ten to one, save on the days of regular Cabinet meetings. In

the afternoon the President sees visitors by special appointment, and most of his evenings are filled in the same way—the business in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred concerning the disposition of offices. President Garfield once said that he was obliged to see an average of about thirty persons for every office to be filled. If the question was one of removal, the number was much greater, including the friends of the incumbent as well as the candidates for the place. A good story is told of the method adopted by President Lincoln to settle a post-office contest which had greatly annoyed him. Petition after petition had poured in upon the weary President, and delegation after delegation had come to the White House to argue the claims of the rival aspirants. Finally, after he had been bored for an hour by a fresh delegation, Mr. Lincoln said to his secretary: "This matter has got to end somehow. Bring a pair of scales." The scales were brought. "Now put in all the petitions and letters in favor of one man, and see how much they weigh, and then weigh the other candidate's papers." It was found that one bundle was three-quarters of a pound heavier than the other. "Make out the appointment for the man who has the heaviest papers," ordered the President, and it was done.

Now, as formerly, the office of the secretary to the President adjoins that of his chief, whose right hand he is in the broadest sense of the term. The present office system in the White House, however, is a growth of recent years. Before President Johnson's time no records or files were kept, and there were no clerks. President Lincoln had two secretaries, Mr. Nicolay and Colonel Hay; but the law recognized only one, the other being an army officer detailed for special service—any extra clerical work being done by clerks detailed from one of the departments. Now there are four rooms

Position 21. Map 4.

occupied by the secretary to the President and his staff of clerks. Big ledgers of applications for office are posted up daily, numerous pigeon-holes are filled with letters and petitions, the newspapers are read and scrap-books made, one room is devoted to telegraph and telephone service; in short, here are all the paraphernalia of a busy public office. One of the files of letters would furnish curious reading to students of human nature. It is called the eccentric file, and contains the epistles of advice, warning and "gush" mailed to the President by cranks, fanatics, absurd egotists and would-be philanthropists; and how numerous these peculiar people are only those in high station know. A President gets nearly two thousand letters a day, and probably not one-tenth of them are upon any subject that can properly be brought to his personal notice.

As we are now standing in the room where Cabinets have been meeting for so many years, it is a fitting time to consider for a few minutes the place they occupy in our national affairs. Although the Cabinet, as an advisory body, has no regularly defined or necessary place in our constitutional scheme, its members, as heads of executive departments, perform important functions in our governmental system. The Constitution says that the President "may require the opinion in writing of the principal officer in each of the executive departments upon any subject relating to the duties of their respective offices," but he is under no obligation to be guided by these opinions. Washington consulted the Cabinet officers on important matters, but the custom of assembling them in joint consultation as at present did not come into vogue until later administrations. The meetings of the Cabinet are secret, and no record is kept of their proceedings.

The Cabinet now has an especial importance under

the law from the fact that, by an Act of Congress passed in 1886, the duties of the Presidency may, in a certain contingency, devolve upon some of its members. In the cases in which, from whatever cause, there is no President or Vice-President, the members of the Cabinet, in the following order, stand in line of succession: Secretary of State, Secretary of the Treasury, Secretary of War, Attorney-General, Postmaster-General, Secretary of the Navy, Secretary of the Interior.

The Cabinet consists of eight officers now, but it had only four in the early part of the Presidency of George Washington. At that time the Secretaries of State, Treasury and War and the Attorney-General composed the whole of the President's ministerial council. The Departments of State, of Treasury and of War were created by Congress in 1789, the first year of the Government under the Constitution. Here are the dates at which the first officers to fill the positions comprised in the present Cabinet were appointed: Secretary of the Treasury, September 11, 1789; Secretary of War, September 12, 1789; Secretary of State, Postmaster-General and Attorney-General, each September 26, 1789; Secretary of the Navy, May 21, 1798; Secretary of the Interior, March 8, 1849; Secretary of Agriculture, February 11, 1889, and Secretary of Labor and Commerce, February, 1903, The office of Postmaster-General, however, did not become a Cabinet post until 1825, and the Attorney-General, although a member of the Cabinet from the first year of the Government, did not have the Department of Justice to preside over until 1870.

The American Cabinet is responsible to the Executive, and not to the law-making power, in this respect differing radically from Cabinets under the British Government, and retires with the President who created it. Most of the greatest statesmen which the country

Position 21. Map 4.

has known have served at one time or other in their career in the Cabinet, the greater part of them in the office of Secretary of State. This post, or that which corresponds to it, is, in the United States and most of the other great nations, the most important in the Ministerial council. Nearly all the other Cabinet positions, however, have, on occasion, been filled by conspicuous statesmen and publicists.

There were no parties in Washington's early days in the Presidency, but the debates in the Constitutional Convention and in the State Legislatures, regarding certain provisions in the Constitution, revealed broad differences of opinion on many matters of national concern. Desiring to secure for his Cabinet the ablest men to be obtained, our first President selected Alexander Hamilton, the leading exponent of one school of political thought, and Thomas Jefferson, the ablest advocate of the opposing school. Hamilton was made Secretary of the Treasury and Jefferson Secretary of State. Those who agreed with Hamilton came to be called Federalists and the others Republicans. Washington, John Adams and John Marshall were among the leading Federalists, and James Madison, James Monroe and Albert Gallatin were a few of the most conspicuous Republicans. The Republican party of Jefferson's time was the parent of what has been known since Jackson's Presidency as the Democratic party. The present Republican party is the lineal descendant of the Federalist organization through the Whig party.

Since Washington's Presidency the custom has been for the Executive to select Cabinet officers in harmony with his views on the leading issues of national policy. During the past seventy years there has virtually been no deviation from this practice, except in the case of President Hayes, who chose D. M. Key, a Tennessee

Democrat, for Postmaster-General. Key subsequently became a Republican. Lincoln intended to adopt Washington's plan of calling a political opponent into his council, but was deterred by the secession movement, after offering unsuccessfully a Cabinet post to two Southern men. The scheme, though, was not a success in Washington's case. Jefferson, finding himself out of harmony with his chief and the other members of the Cabinet, stepped down after about four years of service, and was succeeded by Edmund Randolph, whose leanings were toward Federalism. No doubt you have heard the Cabinet spoken of as a graveyard of presidential aspirations, but that is not true. Of the twenty-five Presidents not less than seven had held Cabinet offices before their election. Of the thirty-six men who have been Secretary of State six afterward became President—namely, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Martin Van Buren and James Buchanan. However, no Secretary of the Treasury or of the Navy or of the Interior, and no Postmaster-General or Attorney-General ever became President.

Each member of the Cabinet is a man of work, like his chief. Indeed, most Cabinet officers devote more hours of each day to hard labor than any of the subordinates in their departments, while to the labor that they perform is to be added in some instances a vast weight of responsibility when the course to be pursued by a department may have much to do with the disturbance or continued even tenor of business. That there is much of anxiety to be borne in the Cabinet offices is known to all who recall the pathetic fate of Secretaries Folger, Manning and Windom, each of whom, no doubt, hastened his death by too close application to the business of the Treasury during periods of the history of that department when the

public attention was fixed upon it, and public expectation was regarding the Secretary as an officer endowed with the power to restore business peace and general prosperity by the adoption of a policy.

We are looking toward the northwest corner of this room. A large square room to the right, and adjoining this one in which we are standing, was used by President Lincoln as his office during the Civil War, and furnished a setting for a thousand moving and tender incidents of that great struggle. The walls which shut it from us beheld an unending procession seeking audience with the gaunt, sad-faced man who during four weary years bore upon his shoulders a burden greater than that sustained by Washington. Those seeking aid for themselves or for others made early discovery of Lincoln's kindness of heart, and of the fact that his sympathy went out spontaneously to all in distress. The best-remembered appeals to his clemency were made in behalf of soldiers under sentence of death for desertion, and books and newspapers, and living men as well, teem with anecdotes of offenders who owed their lives to his interposition.

Humor and pathos were often blended in Lincoln's exercise of the pardoning power. Thomas Ford, Lieutenant-Governor of Ohio, coming to the White House on an autumn evening in 1862 to keep an appointment with the President, was accosted in the vestibule of the floor below us by a young woman, whose drawn face and swollen eyes bore witness to the fact that she was in sore trouble. Ford halted to listen to her story. It had to do with an orphaned brother and sister, who had come from Germany and settled in one of the Western States. The brother when the war came had entered the army, but, falling among evil associates, had been induced to desert, with the melancholy sequel—capture,

trial and sentence to death. The sister, who was in domestic service, had borrowed the money for the journey, and hastened to Washington to lay the case before the President. She had vainly sought for two days to secure an audience with him, and finally had been ordered away by the servants.

"Come with me," said Ford, when she had finished, "and I will see what can be done." So saying, he led her upstairs and into the presence of Lincoln in the room adjoining us. "Mr. President," said he, "my business must wait till you have heard what this young woman has just told me."

Lincoln, seating himself at his desk, listened in silence to the girl's story, and then carefully examined the petition for a pardon, which she handed him, and which bore the signature of a few persons who had formerly known her brother. This done, he studied her tear-stained face and the threadbare garb which spoke her poverty.

"My child," said he kindly, "you have come here with no one to plead your cause. I believe you to be honest and truthful, and"—this with emphasis—"you don't wear hoops. I will spare your brother."

And now we are to take our leave of the President, and descending to another apartment on the first floor pay our respects to his wife—the mistress of the White House.

Position 22. Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt at Home in the White House, Washington, U.S.A.

We find the mistress of the White House busy at her desk, for the life of the President's wife, like that of her husband, is one of very hard work. Her post though unofficial, is, nevertheless, a most important one, and in glancing down the list of Presidents the influence of

Positions 21, 22. Map 4.

their social surroundings in shaping the success of administrations and tempering the rancor of partisan feeling is visible at every step. The era of good feeling in the days of Monroe was due in large part to the admirable tact of his queenly wife, while the bitterness of sectional hostility in Buchanan's time was disarmed by the assimilation of opposing political forces within the influence of the social circle presided over by his niece, Harriet Lane. Mrs. Hayes holds a conspicuous place among later mistresses of the White House. A woman of remarkable force and attractive manners, she worked with and for her husband, was his counsellor and friend, and though she did not openly interfere in politics, no President's wife has exercised such power over public affairs. Five-and-twenty Presidents have entered the White House. Of the women who have accompanied them, some have come reluctantly, some gladly, but one and all have acquitted themselves with a dignity and a sense of fitness that gives a new meaning to the national boast that any American girl can be a four years' queen.

It is time for us to take our leave of the White House, but before doing so let us return for a moment to the second story, and, with the pillars of the great portico framing in the picture, look northward over Lafayette Square. Turn to Map No. 4 and note the two red lines having the figure 23 at the end of each, which radiate northward from the White House. These lines are given also on the General Map of Washington. The apex of these lines will be our next point of vision.

Position 22. Map 4.

Position 23. Charming Northern Outlook over Lafayette Square from the President's Home, Washington, U.S.A.

We are standing now at a window cut in the north wall of the second story of the White House (see north front of the White House from Position 18) and looking out upon Lafayette Square. The Treasury Building is on our right, the State, War and Navy Building on our left, and in our rear the Potomac. The spirited statue which holds the centre of the square in front of us shows General Jackson as the hero of New Orleans, and it will interest you to know that it was cast from cannon captured in Jackson's campaigns. The steeple rising above the trees to the right of the statue is that of St. John's Church, at the corner of Sixteenth and H Streets, and a stone's throw from it, though hidden from our view, is the German Reformed Church, facing Fifteenth Street, where President Roosevelt worships of a Sunday. Yet farther afield on our left, at the corner of Eighteenth Street and Connecticut Avenue, is the Church of the Covenant, which formerly numbered President Harrison among its attendants.

No portion of Washington is richer in human interest than the one before us. Hidden behind trees on our right, at the corner of Madison Place and H Street, is the long-time home of Dolly Madison, now occupied by the scientific Cosmos Club. This house was part of the estate left by Madison when he died in June, 1836. His widow was then too poor to occupy it, but in March, 1837, Congress appropriated $30,000 to purchase Madison's diary of the debates and events connected with the framing of the Constitution, and this money, later supplemented by another generous appropriation for the purchase of the ex-President's unpublished papers, en-

abled Mrs. Madison to live in her city house. And so in the fall of 1837 she gladly returned to the capital to renew in private life the social triumphs of her earlier years. Indeed, for more than a decade her house fairly rivalled the White House as a social centre. The same distinguished personages who on New Year's Day paid their respects to the President hastened across the square in front of us to greet Mrs. Madison with all good wishes; and on every Fourth of July her parlors were thronged. The day of her death, in July, 1849, at the age of seventy-eight, was one of sincere and universal mourning in Washington. After her passing her house was occupied by Commodore Wilkes until the Civil War, when it became the headquarters of General McClellan.

Hidden also from our view by the trees to the left of the Jackson statue is the old Decatur Mansion. This house, built by Latrobe in 1819, was the first private dwelling erected on Lafayette Square, known in those early days as Burns' Orchard. It is a roomy structure of red brick, with a pyramidal slated roof and severely plain front, but in the days of its first owner the gorgeousness of the interior fully compensated for any lack of outward adornment. Commodore Decatur was then the most widely known and admired officer in the navy, and the history of his life was written on the walls of his home, which were covered with the trophies of his many successes, both of war and peace. His wife, a famous Virginia belle, had been sought in marriage by Jerome Bonaparte, but on the advice of a shrewd friend, who predicted that Napoleon would never recognize the marriage, she refused him, to become in due time the wife of the man whom Nelson declared to be the most daring captain of the age. The Decaturs at once became social leaders in Washington, but for only a single

season. On March 22, 1820, occurred the husband's needless, fatal meeting with Commodore Barron on the old duelling ground at Bladensburg, and Decatur was brought home to die in the house he had built less than a year before. Since Decatur's day the house has enclosed a full measure of wit and beauty, for it has rarely been without some famous occupant. Henry Clay lived there while Secretary of State under John Quincy Adams, and his successors in office, Martin Van Buren and Edward Livingston, occupied it in the same capacity. From 1873 until his death, twenty years later, it was owned and occupied by General Edward Beale, who with his accomplished wife made it the centre of all that was best in Washington society. Beale was a grandson of Commodore Truxton, under whom Decatur, the builder of this house, had served as a midshipman.

In the rear of the Decatur mansion, at the corner of Connecticut Avenue and H Street, and only five minutes' walk from where we are standing, is the house occupied by Daniel Webster while Secretary of State, and within whose walls the Ashburton Treaty was discussed and practically concluded. After Webster left it this house became the home of William W. Corcoran, whose name it still bears and who was long the foremost citizen of Washington in private life. The story of Corcoran's career is one of the romances of the capital. A native of Georgetown, he began as an auctioneer, and later became a banker and broker. When, in 1846, Congress voted $10,000,000 for the prosecution of the war against Mexico, the funding of the loan which this appropriation involved was undertaken by Corcoran. Subscribers for only a part of the fund could be found in America, and in the end he was compelled to seek aid in London. There he succeeded in enlisting the greatest banking houses in support of a loan that

Position 23. Maps 2, 4.

seemed perilous, but afterward rose to a high premium and brought large profits to all interested in it. This negotiation, so creditable to his courage and sagacity, was the beginning of Corcoran's remarkable success as a banker, and laid the basis of the great fortune, reckoned by the millions, which in after years enabled its generous master to lay out and adorn Oak Hill Cemetery on the heights of Georgetown to our left, one of the most picturesque pieces of landscape gardening in the land; to present to the Washington Orphan Asylum its valuable grounds; to erect and endow the Corcoran Art Gallery, a few blocks to our left and rear; to present Columbian University with a lucrative estate; to make liberal donations to other institutions of learning and to disburse in private charities, during the last of his ninety years of life, an amount hardly equalled in any age.

What a long procession of all sorts and conditions of men and women, too, have crossed the portico below us to pay their respects to the President! The latter's first-hand intercourse with the people has varied with different administrations, but a tendency toward its restriction has been noticeable of late years. President Johnson gave a public reception once a week during the winter season, and even in the stress and agony of the Civil War President Lincoln shook hands with a mob of two or three thousand people surging through the East Room beneath us often as once a fortnight. Now, one or two public receptions during a session of Congress are thought a sufficient concession to the democratic principle. A New Year's Day reception is demanded by the unbroken custom of a century. First the members of the diplomatic corps present themselves in all of the splendors of court dress; then come the Senators and Congressmen, officers of the army and navy and, last, the public in general.

Position 23. Maps 2, 4.

Let us descend to the lawn in front of us and watch the officers of the army and navy lining up for their annual call on the President. Turn to Map No. 4 and note the two red lines which radiate westward from a point numbered 24, just north of the White House. Our next point of vision will be the apex of these lines.

Position 24. Admiral Dewey and Officers of the Navy in line at President Roosevelt's New Year Reception, Washington, U.S.A.

We are standing now in front of the White House, looking west to the State, War and Navy Building, seen looming up through the trees, with Lafayette Square on our right and the Treasury Building in our rear. There is more than one familiar face in the long line before us. At its head stand Admiral Dewey and Rear-Admiral Schley, heroes of the two great sea fights of our war with Spain. Just behind them are Captain Wainwright and "Fighting Bob" Evans, while Rear-Admiral Watson, "Able Seaman Johnny" as his familiars call him, gazes at us over the shoulder of the former, and farther down the line we see the spectacled face of Captain Sigsbee, whilom commander of the *Maine*. There is gold lace a-plenty in the group before us, but this is the first time we have noted its presence in or about the White House. Indeed, we have cause to be proud that no soldier walks his beat before its portal, as before all executive offices and palaces in other lands. There have been no soldiers as guardians under the shadow of the great columns on our right since the Civil War; and even then, on one fierce winter night, the boy in blue who was on guard was not allowed to maintain professional decorum. President Lincoln emerged from the front door on his way to the War Department in front of us, where in times of battle

Position 24. Map 4.

he was wont to go for the midnight despatches from the field. As the blast struck him he turned to the pacing sentry and said, "Young man, you've got a cold job to-night; step inside, and stand guard there."

"My orders keep me out here," was the soldier's reply.

"Yes," said the President, "but your duty can be performed just as well inside as out here, and you'll oblige me by going in.'

"I have been stationed outside," the soldier answered, and resumed his beat.

"Hold on there!" said Mr. Lincoln, turning back again. "It occurs to me that I am commander-in-chief of the army, and I *order* you to go inside."

The building to which the great war President made so many midnight visits aforetime occupied a portion of the site of the State, War and Navy Building which we see in the rear of the living line in front of us. We will stroll now to the south side of the White House and get an unobstructed view of this newer and larger structure. Turn to Map No. 4 again and search out the two red lines which start from figure 2 at a point a little south of the White House and spread north and west. We are to look next upon the State, War and Navy Building from the point from which these lines start.

Position 25. State, War and Navy Building, where National Business of Vast Importance goes on, Washington, U.S.A.

The four-storied granite structure which now commands our admiration, with its frontage of 342 and depth of 565 feet, its 500 rooms and two miles of marble halls, ranks as the largest office building in the world.

As an illustration of how Uncle Sam does his housekeeping, it will interest you to know something of its interior economy. It is occupied, as you know, by the departments of State, War and Navy, and it is managed by a commission composed of the secretaries in charge of those three branches of the Government service. They choose an executive officer from the engineer corps of the army or navy, who is appointed by the President on their recommendation. Congress appropriates about $160,000 a year for the management and maintenance of the building, which is kept somewhat like a huge apartment house. The scale on which the housekeeping is done may be conceived from the fact that eighty charwomen are employed to do nothing but scrub the floors of the corridors. They work from 4 to 6 P.M. each week day and get twenty dollars a month. There are eight assistant engineers, twenty-four firemen, ten elevator conductors and twenty laborers, who wash the windows and steps, clean the pavements and so forth.

The three departments are split up into bureaus and divisions, each of which has its messenger, who takes care of the rooms, while the executive officer keeps the corridors clean and sees that the building is properly heated, lighted, repaired, ventilated and guarded. For this last purpose he employs fifty-eight watchmen, a captain of the watch and two lieutenants. Every part of the structure must be patrolled every two hours of the day and night, and, to ensure the performance of this duty, each man is required to touch a series of electric buttons along his line of inspection, which record on a pasteboard dial in the office on the first floor the exact minutes when they were pressed. Between five and seven o'clock each evening they go into every room and draw all the window-shades down ex-

actly half way, so that they will look nicely from the street, at the same time closing all connecting doors as a precaution against the spread of possible fire.

Each department in the building repairs and renews its own furniture from a contingent fund provided for that purpose, including all carpets, but the latter are taken up every spring, sent to be cleaned and put down in the autumn by the executive officer. He has the cleaning done by contract at two and one-half cents a yard. The business of cleaning carpets for the Government is a big affair, and the job is eagerly bid for. The executive officer of the State, War and Navy edifice says that housewives would be wise to imitate his practice and never take up matting until it is worn out, simply laying the carpets over it in winter, with a layer of paper between to keep them from getting dirty. This method makes the carpet wear longer and saves trouble.

The War Department occupies the west wing of the great structure in front of us, and the Navy Department the east wing, while the Secretary of State and his subordinates have rooms in the south end of the second story. The library of the State Department is on the third floor, and, aside from the sentimental value attaching to the first public documents of the nation, contains the most valuable collection of papers in existence upon the early political history of the United States. Could we visit this collection, we should find in it, besides the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States, the papers of George Washington, James Madison, Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, James Monroe and Benjamin Franklin. These archives are virtually held in trust by the Department of State for the use of historical writers and students. Access to them is continually asked and accorded without special favor except so far as the care-

fulness, responsibility and good faith of the investigators are concerned. Owing to the great value of these papers to the people of the United States at large, it has been considered necessary by the department at times to exercise great care in their handling.

The Declaration of Independence came in the early days to the Department of State from the Continental Congress. It was subjected early in the last century to a process for securing a fac-simile for a copper plate that caused the ink to fade and the parchment to deteriorate. The process really involved taking what is now known as a letter-press copy from the face of the historic parchment itself. It was deposited on June 11, 1841, in the Patent Office, then a bureau of the Department of State, and when that office was transferred with its records to the Interior Department by an act of March 3, 1849, the Declaration was placed on exhibition in a case in a brilliant light which caused the ink to fade and the parchment to decay. In March, 1877, upon the completion of the present fireproof building, it was returned to the Department of State, after having been on exhibition at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876.

It was then placed in a huge upright glass case with steel doors, where it was somewhat screened from the light, and where thousands of visitors viewed it annually. But it was found that even this position was injurious to the parchment, and in February, 1894, it was taken out of the case and a facsimile of the original document substituted. A large, square steel case standing near the entrance to the library now contains both the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. These valuable papers were placed flat in the steel case after having been carefully wrapped and hermetically sealed to prevent the admit-

tance of air, which is almost as fatal to the parchment as the light was to the writing. While the full text of the original Declaration is legible, the signatures have, with few exceptions, vanished. There seems now to be no further danger to be apprehended for these two precious papers, for the steel case itself is in an iron hall, which precludes danger from fire, and it is carefully guarded by the officials of the bureau. Strict orders have been issued by the Secretary of State that no one shall be allowed to see the original, and it is never touched under any circumstances.

The windows of the office of the Secretary of State look down upon our present point of vantage. No officer of the Government has more impressive apartments. The ceilings and walls are elaborately decorated, the furniture is solid and large, the pictures are those of former Secretaries of State, the business is more or less mysterious and the attendants are portentious with the sense of propriety that they have to carry, so that the clerk of smallest pay may be distinguished anywhere among other clerks as of the State Department. Once in his office, the Secretary receives visitors, except on the Cabinet days, until two o'clock, when he shuts off all who do not come by appointment or on department business that is in the usual run. On Thursdays he is supposed to be accessible to diplomatic officers, and they are received in the diplomatic parlor just beyond his private office.

Let us cross to the great structure we have been studying from without, and, ascending to the second story, pay a visit to this apartment, whose windows we see nearest the southwest corner of the second story.

Position 25. Map 4.

Position 26. Diplomatic Room—State Department for Conference with Representatives of Foreign Governments, Washington, U.S.A.

The splendid room, with windows looking out to the south over the Potomac, in which we are now standing, is the official meeting place of the Secretary of State and the members of the diplomatic corps, which stands for a brilliant and distinctive phase of social life in Washington. The United States, as a rule, has always been fortunate in the character and attainments of the envoys it has received from abroad. Foreign nations have seen fit to send hither their most accomplished diplomats, and to maintain them in the most generous way.

Of all of the foreign countries with representation at Washington, Great Britain is the most liberal in compensation and other provisions for the comfort of those it sends here. The salary of the British Ambassador falls only a little below that of the President of the United States. But when the allowance for expenses is taken into account, the financial compensations of this ambassadorship are better than those of the Presidency. The President pays from his salary the cost of the state dinners he gives. The British Ambassador lives in a structure which, if not so imposing to view from the exterior, contains more room than the White House. The Embassy is the property of Great Britain. That country was the first to acquire ground in Washington and build an official residence. To the original structure has been added a large ball-room and an annex for the offices. The Embassy is occupied by the Ambassador rent free.

Certainly the tendency is not toward curtailment of

Position 26. Map 4.

the diplomatic corps. Every year adds to its numbers and dignity and cost. While Germany was represented here by a legation, a very plain building, in an unfashionable part of the city, was deemed sufficient to maintain the dignity of the empire. But when the German Minister became an Ambassador the German Government purchased one of the finest residences on Highland Terrace for the Embassy. Not content with that, the German Government acquired title to an adjoining piece of ground and built upon it a ball-room of imposing dimensions. The social phase is never lost sight of. To dance and to dine are the A and B of diplomacy.

Another nation which owns its official residence in Washington is Mexico. Like Great Britain, Mexico bought a site and built. The Mexican Legation has the ball-room, which is considered a *sine qua non* of all diplomatic residences. It also has what is conceded to be the finest appointed state dining-room of all the legations. This dining-room is large, and the spacious appearance is increased by mirrors set in the wall panels. Thirty-six guests sit with ease at the Mexican Minister's table. The table appointments even surpass those at the state dinners given at the White House. When the Mexican Legation is "set up," a great centrepiece of silver stands upon a mirror lake bordered with silver filigree, and that in turn rests upon a broad scarf of woven gold. The centrepiece holds flowers. Directly above it, from the chandelier, hang festoons of garlands of green. At the ends of the mirror lake are silver candelabra standing between pots of flowers. As he takes his seat, each guest finds in front of him a gold plate, which disappears with the first course. The array of knives, forks and spoons is imposing. It includes one of gold for the ices. The others are of silver.

Ranged about each cover are cut-glass dishes for almonds and olives, two glasses for water and a carafe, and ten wine glasses, differing in size, shape and color. On a little china stand, with a gold monogram, is written in French the menu, so that the guest may know what is coming. With this bewildering collection of gold, silver, glass and china, a state dinner at the Mexican Legation opens. Dinner giving in the diplomatic corps may be said to have reached its highest development at the Mexican Minister's.

A flagstaff is an inseparable feature of a legation. Whether the power owns or leases the official home of its representative in Washington, the flagstaff is promptly reared. The display of the flag is not conspicuous. Above the mansion which the Chinese Minister occupies, on Columbia Heights, the black dragon wriggles on an ample field of yellow every day, from sunrise to sunset. None of the other legations displays the colors daily. The custom is to raise the flag on the notable anniversaries and holidays of the country it represents. But the staff is always in readiness. The provision is more than ornamental. To all intents and purposes, the legation and its grounds are foreign territory. Scattered through Washington are these spots, over which the United States has no jurisdiction. This Government can at any time give to the representative of a foreign country his papers, notifying him to depart. Until this is done, however, the legation is a part of the government it represents. It is neutral ground in time of war. The flag flying above carries the "right of asylum." Fugitives are safe there. It matters not if the legation be only rented property, the flag identifies it as, for the time, a part of the foreign power.

In time of peace the separate sovereignty of the legation is recognized. Whatever is imported for the use

Position 26. Map 4.

of the legation is not subject to the tariff. An attache calls here at the State Department and leaves word that certain things dutiable are on the way to this country for the legation. The Secretary sends a memorandum to the Treasury Department. The proper customs officers are notified, and in due course of red tape the legation receives the cases of wine, the choice brands of cigars, the silks, the furniture, the clothing or whatever the invoice may call for, without payment of duties. This is a privilege which has been abused, but only upon very rare occasions. A diplomat caught doing an importing business through secret partnership with some unscruplous merchant is promptly recalled by his government and disgraced. The standard of common honesty in the diplomatic corps does not countenance for a moment such rascality.

Members of the diplomatic corps conduct themselves and their legations, as a rule, in such a way as not to infringe upon the laws of the country which surround them, and which has no jurisdiction over them. Even if they were not circumspect, they could be reached only in a roundabout method. No tradesman of Washington brings suit on a bill against a diplomat. No policeman warns the chancellor of a legation to clean the snow off the sidewalk or to do any other thing that the city ordinances prescribe. A minister has been known to visit the State Department to protest against police interference with his coachman. A few years ago the agent of a theatrical company, in his excess of zeal, issued an invitation to the entertainment in the form of a subpœna, with an imitation of the notarial seal attached. Taking the Congressional Directory, he sent to all of the officials found therein a copy of the formidable looking document. Most of the diplomats had been in the country long enough to be not surprised at

any eccentricity of the American advertiser, but one minister from a far off power responded promptly with a call on the Secretary to protest against the supposed violation of his international prerogatives. Something more than custom preserves these foreigners from the direct operation of the local statutes. The official or citizen who infringes on the peculiar immunities of the diplomatic corps may find himself arraigned as a "violator of the laws of nations and a disturber of the public repose." These rights are matters of international agreement. The penalty for suing or prosecuting a member of a legation is severe. It includes fine and imprisonment.

We are soon to visit the section of Washington in which the members of the diplomatic corps have their homes, but before we do so let us return to the White House and witness these dwellers in Cosmopolis assembled on the south front of the White House for their New Year's call on the President.

Position 27. Diplomats and Other Distinguished Guests at a Reception, the White House, Washington, U.S.A.

It is a brilliant assemblage upon which we are gazing, and it is easy for us to distinguish some of its most conspicuous figures. Herr Von Holleben, long German ambassador and dean of the corps, stands in the center of the group. Sir Michael Herbert, the late English ambassador, faces us on the extreme left, and in front of him, with face turned from us, is Baron de Fava, the Italian minister. The Austrian minister, Herr Hengelmuller Von Hengelvar, stands in the foreground on our left, and in the middle foreground are the Swiss and Chilian ministers, the one with his back turned toward us, and the other facing his Italian compatriot. A

Positions 26, 27. Map 4.

stranger gazing upon such a scene as this would naturally infer that the life of a diplomat was all sunshine and roses. As a matter of fact, however, the path of the foreign envoy is literally lined with pitfalls, and if he is able to escape from them entirely he must necessarily ascribe it more to good fortune than to skill or discretion. The rules and regulations that govern the conduct of the private citizen, and even that of the ordinary government official, are altogether inadequate in his case. He is forced to keep always in mind, not only in his official intercourse, but also in his private life, the very important fact that he represents his country and his government, and that every word spoken by him, his every action, or even gesture, are held to commit the power by which he is accredited. Take the case of Viscount Santo-Thyrso, former minister of Portugal here in Washington. When President McKinley was shot at Buffalo, Viscount Santo-Thyrso made daily inquiries at the White House as to the President's condition. Nine days before Mr. McKinley died, the Viscount paid his usual visit to the White House and got there about the time a despatch had been received which, owing to misreading, was interpreted to mean that the President was dead. The minister was informed that Mr. McKinley had passed away, and he hurried to a telegraph office and sent the news to the foreign office at Lisbon. Then he told some of his friends of the diplomatic circle of what he had heard at the White House in order that they might also send the news to their governments. The Portuguese King and his government were prompt to respond with messages of sympathy addressed to Mr. Roosevelt and Secretary Hay. When it was learned in Lisbon that Mr. McKinley still lived there was great indignation expressed toward Santo-Thyrso, who, it was felt, had

placed his government in a humiliating position, and, without giving him a chance to explain, the Minister of Foreign Affairs recalled him by telegraph.

Soon we are to visit the fashionable quarter of Washington, but at present let us return to the State, War and Navy Building, ascend to the roof, and look southwest past the White House and the Treasury Building, through Pennsylvania Avenue, to the Capitol. Turn to Map No. 4 and locate the two red lines having the Fig. 28 at the end of each which radiate from the State, War and Navy Building. These lines should be located also on the General Map of Washington. Our next position, then, is to be on the top of the State, War and Navy Building, and we shall be looking slightly south of east.

Position 28. From Navy Department Southeast past the White House and Treasury to the Capitol, Washington, U.S.A.

Now we are standing near the center of the roof of the State, War and Navy Building. The President's Park is directly below us; the White House and the Treasury Building are on our left, while to the right is Pennsylvania Avenue stretching out to the Capitol. Hidden from view on our left is Lafayette Square, and on our right the Monument. Behind us are Georgetown and the Potomac. Also hidden from our view in the rear of the Treasury Building is the Department of Justice, where the law officers of the government have their headquarters.

The object to which the eye most often returns in the scene before us is Pennsylvania Avenue. Let us descend from our present point of vantage, cross the

Position 28. Maps 2, 4.

President's Park, and from the south front of the Treasury Building get a close view of this noble thoroughfare. The two red lines numbered 29 on Map No. 4, which radiate from the Treasury Building, and are also given on the General Map of Washington, show what is to be our next position.

Position 29. Pennsylvania Avenue from the Treasury, southeast to the Capitol, Washington, U.S.A.

We are standing now at the south entrance of the Treasury Building and looking southeastward through Pennsylvania Avenue at the Capitol, which, though it appears only a few blocks away, is really more than a mile distant from us. The White House is now in our rear. The avenue in front of us, with its varied and animated life, is one of the historic streets of the world. Through it during the last hundred years have passed eighteen Presidents-elect on their way to the Capitol to assume the duties of the most exalted office within the people's gift; and it has furnished the setting for many another memorable incident. Could we have stood in May, 1865, where we are standing now we should have witnessed one of the noblest spectacles of modern times.

The last of the Confederate forces had laid down their arms; the long war between the sections was at an end; and the million Union soldiers in the field were free to return to their former pursuits. The armies of Meade and Sherman, 200,000 strong, until muster and pay-rolls had been made out, went into camp around Washington. Then, as a splendid climax to all that had gone before, it was ordered that Meade's army on May 23d, and Sherman's on the 24th should pass in grand review before the Administration. For six hours on

one day and seven on the other a great throng gathered from all parts of the North, and watched the men in the ranks, marshalled by generals whose names had become household words, pass sixty abreast through the wide avenue before us. All the States of the North were represented among the bronzed, weather-beaten soldiers, whose cadenced advance suggested the might and power of an ocean tide. Those who witnessed, with mingled pride and awe, the passage of the stern-faced men who made up the long column knew now what Lincoln meant when he talked to them of "veterans"; and were brought also to a sudden, glad realization of the truth that the government that could call such an army into being would "not perish from the earth."

We have had the Treasury Building in our rear while looking out upon Pennsylvania Avenue. Cross with me to the south side of the avenue, and from the upper story of a building get a fair view of this great structure. Turn to Map No. 4 and locate the two red lines which branch from the number 30 toward the Treasury Building. It is evident that from this new position we shall be looking toward the south and east sides of the Treasury Department.

Position 30. United States Treasury Building (South Front), guarding Millions upon Millions in Coin and Notes, Washington, U.S.A.

Here we are standing on the south side of Pennsylvania Avenue and looking northwest at the Treasury Building. The low structure we see in its rear, off to our right, is the Department of Justice. The Mall is behind us, and hidden from view on our left is the White House. The sandstone and granite pile before us has a

Positions 29, 30. Map 4.

total length of 450 and a width of 250 feet, and, though handicapped by an unfortunate site, you will readily see that it is one of the noblest buildings in Washington. You will also note that it has about it an air of solidity and security that well becomes the bank of the nation, from whence issue the energizing currents without which not a single operation of the government could be carried on.

A varied range of activities are carried on within the structure before us, but it is as a financial institution that the Treasury has most interest for us. Could we enter the building through yonder south front, with its stately Ionic columns, a few paces would carry us to one of the costliest apartments in the world. This is the Cash Room, where are cashed the warrants drawn upon and presented to the Treasury for payment. The daily transactions run into millions—warrants for vast sums being cashed without a moment's delay—and you can have a part in them by presenting at one of the steel-screened windows a warrant on the government in the shape of a national currency bill, and, by receiving coin for its face value, thus complete the circulation of that particular piece of paper as money. It went out from the building in front of us as new currency; it passed through countless hands in exchange for a thousand and one different things, and now, old and worn, finds its way back again to be redeemed and then destroyed.

Indeed, what one sees of most interest in the building which now commands our attention is the making of new money, its exchange for old, and the destruction of the old. The government bonds and the national currency are printed at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing a few blocks in our rear. Thence the currency is brought over at nine o'clock every morning, a million dollars a day, attended by a force of guards,

to the Treasury, where it is delivered to the Division of Issue. Here it is again counted, and then sent to the Sealing Room to receive the finishing touch—the red seal which is the government's attestation of genuineness. This distinguishing mark is printed on by steam presses, under the eye of the Register of the Treasury, and bears the legend, "Thesaur. Amer. Septent. Sigil."—Seal of the Treasury of North America.

Next a cutting machine cuts each sheet into four component parts, and in packages of four thousand bills the currency now passes through the hands of five successive counters, after which it goes to the sealing clerk, who wraps up the packages in plain brown paper, and seals each one with the Treasury seal. These packages are deposited for two months or more in the Treasury reserve vault, whence, in the regular course they pass into circulation, only to finally find their way back to the building in front of us as worn and mutilated currency, to be redeemed in the Redemption Division. The old currency received by this division to be exchanged for new comes in from banks throughout the country and from the Sub-Treasuries. An average of a million dollars is received daily, or more than three hundred millions a year. The women in the Redemption Division count the bills over with skilled and rapid fingers, after which they are cut in halves with a huge knife.

When a bundle of bills is thus cut in twain one set of halves is sent to the Register of the Treasury and the other set of halves to the division of Loan and Currency. In both offices they are counted, and the sums must agree with each other as well as with the count in the Redemption Division. When this has been declared correct the Treasurer of the United States is credited with the amount. Next the divided halves are packed in wooden boxes and conveyed in a big covered

wagon to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. The progress of this wagon is watched by five men in a one-horse carriage, who follow closely. These men are the committee in charge of destruction. One of them represents the Secretary of the Treasury, another the Treasurer of the United States, another the Register of the Treasury, another the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, and another the people of the United States. The first and last of these five are appointed by the Secretary of the Treasury; each of the others is given office by the official in behalf of whom he acts. All the internal revenue stamps are destroyed, like the notes and certificates, at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, where they are made originally.

Upon their arrival at the Bureau the halved notes, certificates and internal revenue stamps are carried by the chestful into a room in the basement at the rear, where their contents are poured through a huge iron funnel into an iron cylinder, five feet in diameter and ten feet long in the cellar below. The cylinder is partly filled with water and heated by steam, which boils the erstwhile precious contents for thirty-six hours, at the end of which the money and stamps are reduced to a mud-like pulp. There are two of these cylinders, and while one is stewing away the other is ready to receive fresh supplies. The masses of pulp thus prepared are heaped into a pit below, from which the moist material is carried upstairs again, passed through a machine which transforms it into sheets a quarter of an inch thick and dried in that shape, when it is ready to be sent to the paper mills as stock.

Twenty-five years ago all the paper money to be destroyed, instead of being macerated, was burned in an air-blast fire of great heat. But Congress, perceiving that the stock reduced to pulp would be valuable enough

at least to pay the expense of destruction, passed a law decreeing that the process at present followed should be adopted. The pulp, as now prepared, is sold to the paper-making trade for $20 a hundredweight, dry. Any one else can buy the pulp, which contains eighty per cent. of water, for one-fifth that price. The paper manufactureres would not purchase it in that shape, because the freight would be too much for so great a weight. Those who invest in the pulp for the purpose of making it into busts of Abraham Lincoln and representations of the Washington Monument, employ their own molds and make their own estimates of the value of the original money material composing their wares. The guess on the replica of the monument is usually $1,000,000, but the only certainty it is based upon is the verdancy of the casual visitor. National bank-notes are not destroyed at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. For them a special macerator of a different pattern is employed by the Controller of Currency, under whose special superintendence they are counted separately for redemption. Beneath his office is a sort of tub with revolving knives, into which all of this sort of paper money is cast when worn out. The keen blades chew it up into fragments, under the eye of persons appointed by the national banks to superintend the operation, so that it is of no use any more for any purpose whatsoever save for paper stock. For this purpose Uncle Sam's disused cash serves admirably, inasmuch as it is mostly linen fiber.

One of the most interesting branches of the work of the Redemption Division is the handling of the burned and mutilated currency. The government is always willing and even anxious to replace spoiled money if it can possibly be identified. The skill of the women employed in this work is little short of marvelous. One

lady, Mrs. Brown, attends to all the burned notes. Patiently she picks out scrap after scrap from a mass of charred fragments such as any ordinary person would regard as hopeless. One by one she pastes them on paper, assembling the pieces of each note on a paper by itself, and trying to "restore" the greenback as a naturalist would build up an extinct animal from a few fossil remains. Even a portion that is hardly more than an ash may still show the engraved design. When she is done, it remains to be determined how many of the bills shall be considered as properly identified. In the case of a bank-note the name of the bank must be ascertained.

In this kind of labor powerful magnifying glasses are often called into requisition. A note that has been chewed up by a baby is apt to be difficult of treatment. Babies destroy a good deal of money in this way in the course of every year, and the same may be said of puppy dogs. They have an equal disregard of value represented by currency. Goats eat money now and then, and so do cows. Mice are particularly destructive. They like to make nests out of paper cash, and this practice is encouraged by people who hide their savings in walls and under floors. Birds would seem to have a similar inclination, judging from a rather odd happening of a few years ago. An employee of the Subtreasury in Cincinnati, named Turpin, was shaving himself one sunny afternoon, when a robin flew in at the window. It flew out a moment later, and it did not occur to Turpin to suspect the bird when he discovered that a ten-dollar bill, which he had taken from his waistcoat pocket and placed on the centre table was gone. A few days later, however, a storm blew a robin's nest out of a tree near the front porch. It was picked up, and the missing bill was found incorporated in its material.

Position 30. Map 4.

Though a good deal damaged, it was subsequently redeemed.

One day several summers ago lightning entered the house of a farmer in Maryland. In a frolicsome mood it flashed through a cupboard and burned a slice out of a $2 certificate. The strip burned was nearly two inches wide, lengthwise through the middle of the bill. The latter was redeemed afterward, the number and seal being entirely legible. To bury paper money is a mistake, because under such conditions it rots. Now and then a person is burned to death, and cash removed from the clothing of the corpse is sent in for redemption. The contents of a wallet dug up with the body of a murdered man afforded a rather disagreeable subject for investigation not long ago. A few years ago an old woman died of a contagious disease at Rockford, Ill., and her clothes were burned. Subsequently it occurred to the heirs to search the ashes, and remains of money were found. Twenty-five dollars of the amount represented was identified and redeemed. During the last year or two several consignments of money in minute bits have reached the Redemption Division, being sent in by banks whose safes had been treated with dynamite by burglars. An overdose of dynamite applied to a safe is apt to have such an effect—which ought to be a lesson to robbers.

Thus far we have followed the making and destruction of paper money. Each piece of it, however, is only a promise to pay gold or silver in the specific sum named on its face; and in the vaults of the Treasury Building in front of us, and in the Sub-treasuries are stored the gold and silver bonds (representing gold) with which to make good the currency promises to pay. The great silver storage vault extends under the terrace which we see in front of the Treasury Building,

Position 30. Map 4.

and contains a mighty box of steel latticework, 80 feet long, 51 feet wide, and 12 feet high, filled chock full of silver dollars. Visitors are permitted to walk around the mass of treasure, following a narrow passage which runs between the sides of the box and the steel walls of the vault. This latticework receptacle holds $101,000,000 in silver, which is packed in wooden boxes, two bags of standard dollars to a box, and each box weighing 120 pounds. Formerly the coin was simply stacked up in bags, but notwithstanding the walls of steel, dampness rotted the bags and the money ran out of them. This made extra trouble, requiring fresh counts, and it is no small job to reckon over such a gigantic sum in metal. Hence it was decided to pack the stuff in boxes. Each sack contains $1,000, and so long as the Treasurer's seal on it is intact its contents do not have to be verified on occasions when recounts are made.

There are three other great vaults in the basement whose windows blink at us across yonder terrace. One of these is devoted to silver dollars, fractional silver coin and gold coin. Another contains the United States bonds deposited by the national banks as security for their own notes in circulation. A third holds the gold and silver and millions of paper money used by the Division of Issue. There was quite a scare some years ago because this vault refused to open. It is always set for 8.30 A.M. with a time-lock, but on this occasion something seemed to be wrong with the mechanism, and the steel doors remained obstinately closed. Nine o'clock arrived, and still the money was locked up. For once Uncle Sam's bank was obliged to suspend payments. Experts came with their tools to break open the vault, but before they got there the big safe had opened of its own accord. It turned out that the time-lock had been set by an accident for 9.30.

In this vault not only gold and silver, but, as I told you a moment ago, many millions in paper money are always kept. If thieves could obtain access to it they might easily walk away with an enormous sum, the notes and certificates being done up in packages and neatly labelled with the sums they contain in large red figures. Each parcel holds 4,000 notes, and is in size just about a foot cube. If the denomination is $500, a single such package represents $2,000,000. However, if anybody did succeed in getting away with cash in this shape he could hardly fail to be caught, inasmuch as the numbers of the bills would be advertised immediately, and every bank in the country would be on the lookout for them.

Burglars may be practically excluded, but the Treasury does not claim to be theft-proof. On an unlucky day in 1870 a visitor came into the Treasurer's room with a large Panama hat in his hand. The Treasurer's attention was distracted by some other people who were trying to talk to him, and the man dropped his hat carelessly over a package which contained 2,000 ten-dollar notes, lying on the desk. It was one of several such packages, and the loss of it was not noticed until some hours later. The notes were advertised, and some time afterward a part of them were deposited in a New York bank. The depositor was arrested, but nobody was punished for the crime.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Treasury vaults compare poorly with the impregnable steel-clad structures now used by great private concerns that have valuables to protect, the government feels fairly secure as to the safety of its stored wealth. The best safeguard for coin is its weight. The $152,000,000 in silver now held in the strong rooms of the Treasury weighs nearly 5,000 tons. A million dollars in gold coin weighs about

two tons, and it would take a very strong man to carry off $50,000 worth of the yellow stuff. Though a gold brick the shape and size of an ordinary building brick represents $8,000, its "heft" is something astonishing. Suggestions have been made that it might be practicable to burrow beneath the Treasury by tunnel, and thus pillage Uncle Sam's coffers by a sort of rat-hole method, but even if this were accomplished, it is difficult to imagine how it would be practicable to remove much of the coin.

Before we take our leave of the great structure we have been studying let us glance at other of the varied activities carried on within its walls. Here are the headquarters of the customs, internal revenue and revenue cutter services; of the lighthouse and life-saving services; of the steamboat inspection and marine hospital services; of the bureau of navigation, and of the supervising architect of government buildings throughout the United States. Almost 4,500 people are employed in the building across the way, and there are approximately in the employ of the Treasury Department 25,000 persons, an army of men and women equal to our regular army as it existed previous to the Spanish War.

The building before us is a vital and pervading factor in our national life. Let us now pay a visit to an institution which has to do in a distinctive and picturesque way with life in Washington. Turn to the General Map of Washington, and locate the two red lines which radiate westward from the number 31 at Seventh and B streets. Their apex will be our next point of vision.

Position 30. Map 4.

Position 31. Fruits of the Sunny South and their Buyers in Famous Old Centre Market, Washington, U.S.A.

Now we are standing near the southeastern corner of the Centre Market. On our left we catch a glimpse of the north side of the Mall. The Capitol is behind us, and the Monument in front and to the right. The number of black faces which have a place in the busy and animated scene before us remind us that Washington, when its permanent population is considered, is essentially a Southern city. Indeed, wherever you go in Washington you will meet the joyous, laughing darky, who lives upon the ruling class, and refuses to take thought for a rainy to-morrow. And the Washington negro, whether forehanded or out-at-elbows, has good reason to be satisfied with his lot, for nowhere else does he command and enjoy the same favoring conditions, the same standing and treatment. Four thousand of the odd 90,000 negroes in Washington are in government employ. They have their editors, teachers, doctors, dentists, dancing masters; their clubs, saloons, newspapers, schools and halls; and they have a genteel society of their own modelled closely upon the lines of white society, and living in amity with that body.

Negroes own more than $8,000,000 worth of real estate in the District of Columbia. The wealth of many families of colored persons in Washington sprang from the development of the West End, which was mainly occupied in other years by the tumble-down shanties of negro squatters. For the making of its beauty and elegance the property-holders were assessed. Many negroes surrendered their lots, but many others paid the assessments, held on, and were made wealthy when fashion led the rich to buy up the land and build upon it. Thus

Position 31. Map 2.

the provident colored people who had worked and saved were able to become capitalists. Some other fortunes were made in trade, and by cooks, restauranteurs, and men who practice the professions among the people of their own race. One popular professional man is said to be the son of a man who mixed cocktails for forty years in a saloon on Pennsylvania Avenue—but why should our white brothers in high fashionable circles look down on the man for that?

The market whose life we can study here is almost as old as the capital city itself, and has long been counted among the Washington haunts of great men. Chief Justice John Marshall, Daniel Webster and President William Henry Harrison were accustomed to do their marketing here in person; and the first named once figured in an amusing incident on this spot. The great Chief Justice, a plain man of the people, was an early riser, and was often seen in this market at sunrise with poultry in one hand and a basket of vegetables in the other. On one occasion a young man, who had recently removed to Washington, was fretting and swearing violently because he could find no one to take home his turkey. Marshall stepped up and offered to take it home for him. Arriving at the house, the young man inquired, "What shall I pay you?" "Oh, nothing," was the reply; "it was on my way, and no trouble." As Marshall walked away, the young man inquired of a bystander, "Who is that polite old man that brought home my turkey for me?" "That," was the reply, "is John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States."

There is one great branch of the Government that has not yet claimed our attention. Walk with me now four blocks to the northward, and from the southwest corner of Ninth and F Streets view the building which

houses the Department of the Interior. Find on the General Map of Washington the two red lines branching northeast from the number 32. From our position we shall look down upon the south side of the Patent Office.

Position 32. United States Patent Office where Fortunes have been Secured to Inventors, Washington, U.S.A.

The mighty freestone, granite and marble structure before us, furnishes quarters for the officials of the several fields into which the work of the Department of the Interior is divided. The one relating to patents is most widely known, and the great building is, therefore, generally called the Patent Office. Could we visit its interior we should find the Museum of Models filling the four halls of the second story, and containing an immense array of models. The oldest of these is a model of a cloth-shearing machine, on which a patent was granted to S. G. Dorr of Albany, N. Y., October 20, 1792. It is in good condition and repair, because it was renovated after the fire which in 1877 destroyed so many models of historic interest and of inestimable value. There have been two fires in the Patent Office. The first of these took place in 1836, on Christmas Day, and destroyed about 7,000 models. The second fire was far more disastrous. It occurred on September 24, 1877, destroying 87,000 models of patented devices and 27,000 models of devices for which applications for patents were pending. Among the models which suffered in the second fire was that of the cotton gin invented by Eli Whitney in 1794. A duplicate of this model was built, and it stands in the Patent Office today. Among the other original models in the Patent Office are Colt's first revolver, patented in 1837; R. A.

Position 32. Map 2.

Hoe's double-cylinder printing press, patented in 1842; Howe's first sewing machine (a queer contrivance run by hand by an oscillating crank); Morse's electric telegraph, the first engine run over the Baltimore and Ohio road (patented by Ross Winans in 1833); the Gatling gun, and the Hotchkiss gun. There are 186 classes of inventions altogether and these are divided into more than 3,000 subjects.

The American patent system is unique. There is none other like it, except the German system, and that has been modelled on the American plan. The main distinctive feature is the American system of examinations both as to the novelty of the inventions and the form of the application. The European offices are merely places for the registration of inventions. The inventor writes out a description of his invention, with drawings if necessary, deposits it in the European office and is given a patent, but at his own risk. He pays the government a fee when he files his papers, and an annual tax thereafter, but the government does not give him even a prima facie guarantee of the validity of the patent. It has made no examination to determine that question. The invention may be as old as the steam engine. Hence it frequently happens that a number of patents are successively granted by the same government for the same thing.

The American patent system differs radically from this theory. The United States Patent Office is supposed to make a thorough examination of each application. This examination is to determine, first, whether the specification is drawn in the form required by the law as interpreted in prior decisions of the courts, and second, how much of the alleged invention is new. The inventor's claims are then restricted to that portion which is found to be new. Hence, a United States

patent is prima facie valid. But the seal of the Commissioner gives only a presumptive validity to an American patent, and that presumption is stronger as the work of his subordinates has been more thorough.

To accomplish this work, the vast machinery housed in the building before us has been built up. It grinds out now about 30,000 patents a year. The number of applications filed is about 50,000, so that only about sixty per cent. of the applications mature into patents. In place of the four assistants who helped the Commissioner to get out 436 patents in the first year of the Patent Office history, there are now more than five hundred. The examining force alone is cut up into more than thirty divisions. Each division deals with a particular class of inventions. At its head is a principal examiner, with from three to six assistants and from one to three clerks. The assignment division has scores of clerks recording assignments of patents and trademarks. Another large division has proof-readers and clerks busy in preparing the specifications for printing after they have been passed by the examiners, and in the publication of the weekly official Gazette with its list of patents and patentees. The chief draughtsman has all the drawings and photo-lithographs of drawings under his charge, and his forces occupy half a dozen large rooms. The great library, the vast model hall with its 154,000 imitation inventions, the rooms of the financial clerk, who handles $1,250,000 a year, and the interference division with its little court before which contesting applicants for patents on the same invention come, "all are but parts of one stupendous whole" devoted to American inventive genius.

The application for a patent passes through many hands. Suppose that John Jones has made an invention in telephones. The papers go to the application

division and are referred to the examiner of "Electricity, Division A." The drawing is passed upon by the draughtsman's division to see that it complies with the requirements of the office as to artistic execution. When the case has reached the room of the examiner it is placed on the desk of the assistant examiner, who makes a specialty of telephones. He takes the case up and reads it carefully. He notes any errors of language, omissions, misstatements of scientific principles, violations of legal rules, etc., and will call the applicant's attention to them in a letter. Then the question whether the invention will work as the inventor thinks it will comes up, and after that the examination of the claims made by the inventor. He claims the combination of certain elements as his invention. The assistant may know just where to put his hand on a prior patent, a book or a paper describing that identical combination of elements which this misguided electrician supposed to be original with him, and the matter is soon disposed of. The assistant reports the case to the principal examiner in charge of the division, a letter is written to the applicant stating that his claim is rejected on reference to such and such prior publications, and he is left to adjust himself to the new aspect of affairs as best he may.

If the assistant does not remember anything like the claim, a search is begun which, to be exhaustive, may last for weeks. If the search is fruitless he plunges into the scientific and technical literature of half a dozen different languages. If nothing of the kind can be found the patent issues with the great seal of the United States government. This is the ideally perfect examination—the thing for which the inventor pays $35 into the Treasury. What he gets is frequently a very different thing. When cases are accumulating on

the assistant's desk at the rate of four or five a day he cannot give two or three weeks to the examination of one of them, no matter how important. He makes a hurried search through the American patents and those of the English, French and German which he has at hand, asks his fellow examiners if they ever saw anything of the kind for which he is looking, and if he fails everywhere, writes the applicant a species of bluffing letter saying that the claim is not allowable on general principles. The applicant's attorney replies calmly asking for proofs in the shape of a reference to some prior publication, or instance of prior use. Thereupon the examiner has to back down and the patent is issued. The patent perhaps is sold for a round sum and still more money is spent in pushing the invention. Somebody infringes and is sued. The person thus threatened puts expert searchers into the great libraries and pretty soon one of them turns up a musty volume in which is printed a paper read by Professor Volt before the Chain Lightning Society of somewhere describing the identical invention ten years before poor Jones claimed it. The patent is thereby rendered worthless and hard things are said about the Patent Office.

And now let us turn our backs on official Washington, and strolling north five blocks make our way westward through Massachusetts Avenue to Thomas Circle. Turn to the General Map of Washington and locate the two red lines radiating northwestward from the number 33 at Thomas Circle and having the figure 33 at the end of each. We are to stand next at the apex of these lines and look northwest.

Position 32. Map 2.

Position 33. Massachusetts Avenue (west from Thomas Circle), a Favorite Center of Fashionable Society, Washington, U.S.A.

Now we are looking from Thomas Circle up Massachusetts Avenue to Sixteenth Street—the ultra-fashionable section of Washington. The White House is on our left and Iowa Circle on our right, while Scott Circle is in front of us, and the Carnegie Library in our rear. These we cannot see, but in full view at our feet is Ward's noble statue of General Thomas. Beyond that is Highland Terrace lined with some of the lordliest homes of Washington. The house nearest us on the right is the residence of Bishop Satterlee. Adjoining is the home of Senator Cullom, of Illinois, now one of the veterans of the Senate. Beyond that, half hidden by trees, is the home of Senator Dolliver, of Iowa, flanked on the west by the German Legation, the great house with the portico and tower. The spire which rises in the rear of the German Legation is that of the First Baptist Church at the corner of Sixteenth and O Streets, and the lofty building away to the right is the Cairo Apartment, while the white structure that nestles among the trees on our farthest left is the Naval Observatory, holding a site of great historic interest. Washington, when a young man, camped with Braddock on the very ground where now stands the Naval Observatory, and even then had thought of a great commercial city here, with the navigable Potomac reaching to the sea, to help it in the race for supremacy.

Could we stroll westward a block and a half from where we are standing we should find on the lower side of Massachusetts Avenue one of the most helpful of Washington institutions—the Louise Home for Women,

founded by William W. Corcoran, and named in memory of his wife and daughter. Among the present guests at the Louise Home is Mrs. Letitia Tyler Semple, daughter of President John Tyler by his first wife, and mistress of the White House after her mother's death. This lady, who has gone upon the record as among the charming young mistresses of the White House, is a representative of another time and generation. She is a faithful adherent of the old regime, and as one born and reared in the traditions and creeds of the Virginian ante-bellum glory, regards with disgust and disfavor the so-called progress of these uneasy latter times. Since the death of her husband and her entrance to the Louise Home some years ago, Mrs. Semple has been quite lost to the gay world in which she once reigned, the gay official world which she now placidly contemplates from the window of a cosy apartment overlooking Massachusetts Avenue. Here, however, in the warmth and comfort of her cheery retreat, she receives the very small circle of old-time friends and the younger ones who delight in the reminiscent pictures of her girlhood days and its environment of great persons and events. To hear her chat familiarly of Daniel Webster, of Dolly Madison, and of Clay and Calhoun, clothes these intellectual factors of history with flesh and blood personality and enables one as it were to shake hands with his forefathers and to realize his relationship to history. Her recollections of an era when society was "dignified," when slang was unknown as a drawing-room accomplishment, and when "principle and honor were the first tenets of a gentleman's creed" are most interesting, and her comparisons between then and now are never in favor of the present age.

Now we are to leave our present point of vantage.

Position 33. Map 2.

and strolling westward past the Louise Home view Massachusetts Avenue from Scott Circle. Turn to the General Map of Washington and note the two red lines which radiate westward from the number 34 near Scott Circle. That will be our next position in the fashionable section of Washington.

Position 34. Homes of Some of the Most Distinguished Residents,—Massachusetts Avenue (west from Scott Circle), Washington, U.S.A.

Now from the east we are looking down upon Scott Circle—the intersection of Massachusetts and Rhode Island Avenues, and of Sixteenth and N Streets, which here radiate from one another like the spokes of a mighty wheel. The marble crescent below us sets off the statue which the American disciples of Hahnemann, the founder of homeopathy, have erected in his honor; in front of us is Brown's equestrian statue of General Scott, and yonder at the westward entrance to N Street, is the counterfeit presentment in bronze of Daniel Webster. The house half hidden by trees on our nearest right, is the home of Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, and in the rear and to the left of it are the residences of Senator Taliaferro of Florida, and Senator Fairbanks of Indiana.

The spire on our left is that of the Church of the Covenant, where President Harrison worshipped in other years, and across the way from it is the British Legation. The house of Commander Cowles, brother-in-law of President Roosevelt, is nearer to us on the same side of the way. Between the trees on our left and the Church of the Covenant are the residences of General Nelson A. Miles and Senator Hawley of Connecticut, while less than two blocks from us on

our left, though we cannot see it, is the brick and brownstone house, at 1747 Rhode Island Avenue, which a grateful people, in 1899, presented to Admiral Dewey. The home of General Miles, which we see through the trees, also came to him as a gift. When, in 1895, he was placed in command of the army, friends of his in Boston, New York, Brooklyn, San Francisco and other cities, East and West, quietly gathered together some $40,000 and bought and presented to him this house in N Street.

We are standing now, as I told you a little while ago, in the finest residence section of Washington. And yet thirty years ago this section, where building sites now command princely sums, was an unattractive waste given over to negro squatters. Now, thanks to the remaking of the city under Shepherd, we find its former swamps and hillocks covered with miles of elegant residences. One would go far in Europe or America and not find so delightful a residential street as Massachusetts Avenue here at our feet. It has not, as you will see, the ostentation of New York and Chicago, but it has more charm. The social life led under the roofs about us is neither unique or original. Instead it is very like any of the great capitals, with a strong English flavor. It has its fox hunts, its pink balls, its breakfasts at the country clubs, and the five o'clock tea-table, which struggled so many years for existence, is at last an established fact. Foreigners complain that it has not enough local coloring to make it interesting. But this is true to the superficial observer only. There are still many primitive and characteristic things which do not appear on the surface. Society is no longer sad as some foreigner said of it years ago. On the contrary, it is merry and gay enough, with a natural merriment and gayety.

Position 34. Map 2.

From the beginning, when giving a dinner was a tremendous undertaking and meant hard work for the mistress, dinners have occupied a distinctive and undisputed place in the political, as well as the social, history of Washington. They have been the favorite social functions with men since before Cleopatra feasted Antony. The details of treaties have been arranged, official appointments have been made, and great political intrigues have developed under the seductive influence of pate and champagne, and men became brothers over canvas-backs and burgundy. Ambitious women have gained coveted social prestige by the excellence of their menus, and, from time immemorial, dinners have been more telling weapons in political and social warfare than steel and cannon. Dinner-giving has become a fine art in Washington. Illustrious statesmen and distinguished women have interested themselves in it. Every other person is an epicure, cooking is a frequent topic of conversation, and there are no barmecide feasts.

Washington society may be said to be divided into three sets. There is, first, the "official set," made up of families who are in official life; second, there are the old residents of the District, and third, there is what is known as the "smart set," composed almost entirely of rich people who have come to the capital from other cities. The old residents represent the best families of Virginia and Maryland, and are more jealous of their rights and prerogatives than any one set in any city to be found in this or any other country. Pedigree, and not pocketbooks, is the star that guides them and keeps them steadfast in their course. This set includes many of the old families of the Army and Navy, and is sometimes erroneously called "the Army and Navy Circle." The "smart set" includes the very rich who have taste in dress, possess handsome homes and the

knack of entertaining well, and the ability to be agreeable. The leaders of this set come largely from other cities. They build handsome homes and cultivate the old residents. Some are recognized by these old Washingtonians, and with this endorsement they soon become independent.

Official society is free for all, without any handicap. The doors of the official are always left open to any other official, and each set of officials has its day for receiving. Monday has for years been known as the Supreme Court day. On that day the wives of the Chief Justice and associate justices are at home to receive callers. Strangers and visitors to the city feel perfectly at liberty to call on the wives of the Justices and they avail themselves of the privilege. Tuesday has been preempted by the wives of the members of the House, while Wednesday is known as Cabinet day. On Thursday the wives of Senators hold court, and this is one of the most popular days in the week for visiting. Swarms of carriages and people afoot can be seen on Thursdays making the round of senatorial homes. This leaves only two days for the unofficial residents to receive unless they want to clash with one of the official days. As a rule, they choose Friday or Saturday.

Washington society is at its brightest and best during the winter season. When summer comes there is another and a very different story to tell. Then the beautiful city about us becomes like a capital of the Congo country. There are plenty of people here at that time. Congress is often sitting even in midsummer. But if it is not, still plenty are here—clerks, heads of departments, the whole of bureaucracy and trade and dependent labor; and what a queer experience they have! After dark they venture out for breath and exercise, and the enjoyment of a respite from the terrors of the

Position 34. Map 2.

day, to prepare for the terrors of the night in the bedrooms. At nine o'clock at night darkness and silence reign. Shadowy forms are seen on the porches of the dwellings, on the high stoops and the galleries over the bay-windows. They are the women who have learned a trick from their negress servants and from the fixed tropical conditions, and upon the porches and balconies, out of reach, dress like Sandwich Islanders. If a pedestrian turns towards a house, they disappear indoors.

The pedestrian in time turns in at his own gate and into his own bed. Exhausted, he sleeps, but it is fitful sleeping, and every now and then he wakes to find his pillow drenched. On some nights the oxygen leaves the air, and it becomes dead and motionless. When day breaks and the city bustles and the sun rises high, the people pray for rain. If it comes, it presents itself with tropical severity, in slanting sheets. It may do good, and probably does, but never enough to satisfy the populace. After it is over, the streets remind the beholder of pictures of the earth at the time of the coal formation—a hot, hissing, steaming mass. During the entire hot season the people have time and inclination, to reflect upon the disadvantages of having the two extremes of climate in one year, and upon the impossibility of building a city to meet both extremes. Having to choose between the two, Washington necessarily elected to become a winter city. It is a northern city on a southern site.

One of the notable landmarks of Washington remains to be visited—the Soldiers' Home in the northern part of the city. Its location is outside the northern limits of our General Map of Washington. We shall visit it now.

Position 34. Map 2.

Position 35. Peace and Sunshine at the Soldiers' Home for War-worn Veterans, Washington, U.S.A.

How picturesque and beautiful is the scene that now commands our admiration. The buildings before us furnish a home for men who have been honorably discharged from the regular army after twenty years of service, or who have been disabled by wounds or disease. The white marble structure on our right is the Scott Building, the largest of the five dormitory buildings which now house nearly a thousand veterans. Could we stroll through the grounds that surround them we should come at every turn upon maimed and crippled men, now bent with age, who fought with Grant from Belmont to Appomattox, who followed Sherman from Atlanta to the sea, or who felt the shock of battle with other commanders, sitting together in couples or groups, or wandering along the shady walks, waiting for the final drum "taps." They could not have a better harbor than the one in which we find them. Sturdy oaks, clumps of other trees beautifully arranged both by nature and art, long, shady drives, babbling brooks, pretty ponds, miniature lakes, dense foliage here and there and a southern vista through the trees to where three miles away, the great, white dome of the Capitol lifts its head, make it one of the noblest spots in America.

The Catholic University is now on our right. Behind the buildings in front of us is the National Cemetery, where nearly 7,000 veterans are taking their last sleep; and on our left are the heights of Georgetown. This we cannot see, but here in full view on our left is a structure that has played its part in history. This is the Anderson Building, named for General Robert

Position 35. Map 2.

Anderson, the hero of Fort Sumter, but popularly known as the President's Cottage, for the reason that here several of the Presidents have spent the summer months. President Lincoln sat often in the shade of yonder porch, and more than one characteristic story attaches to his occupancy of the cottage. Joshua F. Speed, a friend of Lincoln's youth, being in Washington in the summer of 1864, was invited out here to spend the night. Entering the President's room unannounced, he found him sitting near one of the windows that now blink at us through the sunshine, intently reading his Bible.

"I am glad to see you so profitably engaged," said Speed.

"Yes," was the reply, "I am profitably engaged."

"When I knew you in early life," continued Speed, "you were a skeptic and so was I. If you have recovered from skepticism, I am sorry to say I have not."

"You are wrong, Speed," said the President, placing his hand on his friend's shoulder and gazing earnestly into his face. "Take all of this book upon reason that you can, and the balance on faith, and you will live and die a happier man."

The ground on which we are now standing is the highest around Washington. Could we cross the stretch of lawn in front of us and look southward from the portico of the Scott Building we should see in the distance every public building in Washington,—the towering Monument, Arlington, the Long Bridge over which marched Grant's legions toward Richmond, and the silvery Potomac winding its way to the sea. But it would be the Monument that would first claim and longest hold our attention. Let us return to the White House where we can see the great obelisk again, its

most charming setting. That will be our last standpoint in Washington.

Position 36. Inspiring Outlook from the President's South Windows to the Lofty Monument, Washington, U.S.A.

Now we are looking at the Monument from the southern portico of the White House, and again you will agree with me that it is like a mountain in that it grows on the beholder. How lovely is its present setting of trees and shrubbery and level lawn! And how the monument itself stands out in wonderful clearness and glory. We are viewing it now on a summer's evening, but could we come here in the early morning at any season of the year we should find it standing out in singular grace and beauty. In the later evening the little lights about it add to the impression of its height. At such times it cannot be seen at all until near at hand, and then it seems all at once to push up very near the beholder, with proportions startlingly huge. One takes leave of it at any time with the thought that the first American could not have a nobler witness to his greatness, nor that witness a more fitting site than the city which he planned, and which bears his name.

Position 36. Map 2.

THE ENVIRONS OF WASHINGTON.

The stranger visiting Washington for the first time is always anxious to visit several places of great interest in the vicinity of Washington. Among the nearest of these is Arlington with its National Cemetery and Gen. Lee's old home. Setting forth on such a trip, an hour's ride by trolley car and transfer coach through Georgetown and across the Potomac takes us to the entrance of the cemetery, and soon we are in front of Arlington House, the old home of Gen. Lee. See Map No. 1.

Position A. General Robert E. Lee's Old Home, Arlington, Va.

We are standing now on the brow of a steep hill overlooking the Potomac, 200 feet below us in our rear, and in the centre of a noble estate of 1,100 acres. The title of this tract passed from Charles II., King of England, who claimed it by "grace of God and the discovery of John Cabot." through William Berkeley, Governor of Virginia, to Robert Hawsen, October 21, 1669. John and Gerard Alexander became the owners under this title, and Gerard Alexander by his will, dated August 9, 1760, gave the property to his son Gerard, by whom it was conveyed, December 25, 1778, to John Parke Custis. John Parke Custis died November 5, 1781, and George Washington adopted two of his children, George Washington Parke Custis and Eleanor Parke Custis. George Washington Parke Custis inherited the Arlington estate, and in 1802 he built the noble mansion in

front of us. Later this mansion became the home of Robert E. Lee, the Confederate chieftain, but in 1865 house and estate passed to the federal government. The mansion is now occupied by the superintendent of the grounds, and keeps silent guard over the graves of 16,000 soldiers who died in the War for the Union.

It may be doubted if in all the world there is a more beautiful, more suggestive burial place than the one in which we are standing, and one loves to think that "through long centuries nature lovingly moulded the spot, making it ready for its final great purpose, the resting place of the nation's silent heroes." But the noble lesson taught at Arlington imparts its fullest meaning to the visitor when he makes reverent pilgrimages, as we are about to do, to its Field of the Dead.

Position B. National Cemetery, Arlington, Va.

On the level plateau in front of us the headstones of white marble stretch away in lines seemingly endless to the vision. They are set in ranks, as though they had "fallen in" for muster, and on each slab is inscribed the name of the soldier whose grave it marks, with his State and the number by which he has been enrolled in the Roll of Honor—the roster kept by the War Department of those who died in the service of their country. But more pathetic than anything else in Arlington is an oblong granite pile, hidden from view on our left, which marks the site of a pit wherein were buried the bones of 2,111 unknown soldiers, gathered from the field of Bull Run and the route to the Rappahannock. The inscription on this monument tells the story, and whoever wrote that inscription—simple, strong and loving—was a poet, probably without consciousness of it:

"Here lie the bones of 2,111 unknown soldiers. Their

remains could not be identified, but their names and deaths are recorded in the archives of their country, and its grateful citizens honor them as their noble army of martyrs. May they rest in peace."

Another historic spot in the near suburbs of Washington which demands a visit is Bladensburg where are the old duelling ground and also the scene of the British victory in 1814. We drive to Bladensburg, five miles northeast of the city, and a half mile beyond the village, now a rambling collection of old houses, come upon a dip of green meadow beside a dried up brook which was for half a century the famous dueling ground. Find Bladensburg, northeast of Washington, on Map No. 1.

Position C. Ravine at Bladensburg, Md., Famous for Fatal Duels, Near Scene of British Victory, 1814

How many men have walked down to yonder dell by the side of the dry brook hidden under the bank to satisfy their vanity at the muzzle of the pistol—men who fought as a test of their courage, because they were too timid to defy public opinion which demanded blood for an insult. More than a century ago this sweet swale was turned to sanguinary uses, but the first duellists were undistinguished persons. In 1803 Senator Dayton, of New Jersey, met here Senator De Witt Clinton, of New York, on account of Clinton's aspersions connecting Dayton with the alleged conspiracy to elect Burr President; but when the pistols lay shining in the sun ready for use, Clinton manfully apologized for his too hasty speech, and they all returned to Washington together. Sixteen years later another Senator stood here seeking blood—A. T. Mason, of Virginia. His antagonist was his brother-in-law, whom he had persistently

pursued with challenges. The first challenge was to sit on a powder-barrel and light the fuse; the second to hold musket-muzzles against each other's breasts. They finally poured buckshot into each other at fifteen feet, and Mason was shot dead.

In 1849 Samuel W. Inge, of Alabama, and Edward Stanley of North Carolina, both Congressmen, fought a duel in this peaceful meadow because they had called each other blackguards in debate. At the third fire, neither being scratched, they shook hands, made up and adjourned to a neighboring tavern. In 1852 two Richmond editors fought here a bloodless duel and felt better. Two years later John C. Breckinridge met F. B. Cutting, of New York, and avoided a duel by tendering a just apology.

But the two duels which rendered this spot most infamous were those in which Commodore Decatur and Congressman Cilley were slain. The killing of Cilley, a Representative from Maine, was nothing less than a foul murder. Cilley had charged corruption upon James Watson Webb, the New York editor, and then declined to fight with him. Graves, Congressman from Kentucky, took up the quarrel, and challenged Cilley because he would not certify that Webb was a man of honor. Cilley fell dead at the third fire, in the presence of Henry A. Wise, John J. Crittenden and eight or ten other Congressmen.

There was about as little justice in the duel in which Commodore Decatur was killed by Commodore Barron. Decatur, virtually at the head of the American navy, though ranked by Barron, aspersed his superior and succeeded in keeping him on shore. Decatur's was a duelling family. He had fought a duel while at school by his father's advice, and badly wounded his opponent. When twenty-two he fought another. He bullied the

Position C. Map 1.

Spanish officers in Barcelona, and was second in a duel in which one of them was killed at twelve feet. He had been second in a dozen duels, in one of which his own brother-in-law was slain. And now he had nagged and harassed Barron and drawn a challenge from that saddened and embittered officer. At dawn on the morning of March 22, 1820, he crept downstairs and out of his house. To Capitol Hill he walked, and breakfasted at Beale's Hotel. At breakfast with Commodore Bainbridge he was very chatty, took his will from his pocket and showed it, and laughingly inquired where he had better hit Barron. "In the hip, I think," he said. Through the muddy clay to Bladensburg they came, and here they found Barron and the others. Eight yards apart they were placed. It is needless to follow the pitiless details. They fired simultaneously. Both fell, and each supposed he was mortally wounded. Decatur died at midnight, and his widow crept away to become a life inmate of the convent at Georgetown. Barron at last recovered and dragged out a miserable, ruined, broken-hearted existence.

The fields about us were also the scene of a battle which Americans do not like to remember. Here on August 24, 1814, 4,500 British veterans under Ross met and put to rout 5,000 militiamen and 900 regulars under Winder. The sequel of the battle, if it deserves the name, was the occupation of Washington and its partial destruction by the British, who on August 29 regained their ships in the Chesapeake without molestation. It should be added that the burning of the public buildings at Washington caused as righteous anger in England as it did in America, and in the House of Commons was stigmatized as "of any enterprise recorded in the annals of war, the one which most exasperated the people and least weakened the government."

Position C. Map I.

And now turning south again we pass down the Potomac, for no traveller to Washington would miss a pilgrimage to the home and tomb of Washington. On the way we shall stop at the quaint town of Alexandria (See Map No. 1), for a visit to its most interesting landmark, historic Christ Church, which Washington helped to build and in which he worshipped for many years.

Position D. Christ Church Alexandria, Va., Where Washington Joined with His Neighbors in Public Worship

It requires the swing of a turnstile and a ten cent piece to pass the iron portal in front of us. From the small fee charged and the liberality of the congregation and their friends abroad the church has just been completely renovated and may now be considered good for many years. The interior is now exactly as it was in Washington's day. The church is built of small bluish brick imported from England. The high pulpit, with wooden canopy and tablets on either side of the chancel containing the Lord's Prayer, Apostles' Creed and Ten Commandments, are the original work. Washington was a member of the first vestry of the church, in 1765, when he was a provincial colonel, a large plantation owner and a leading figure in the province. In the old days there were thirty-five high, square pews, which were reduced in 1816, except the Washington pew, to the regulation style of sittings of to-day. The present structure was begun in 1767, according to the specifications, and delivered to the vestry in 1773. At that time ten pews were sold. Washington purchased pew No. 5, against the north wall, for £36 10*s*, besides £5 additional. This pew is preserved intact, and is marked by a silver plate bearing the autograph of Washington. It is not

Position D. Map 1.

rented, but is used for visitors to the church during services.

Washington was a disciplined churchman and the traditions of the Alexandria church say that he always participated earnestly in the responses, especially repeating the Lord's Prayer and the Creed. He always kneeled in prayer, and partook of the communion with Mrs. Washington and Nellie Custis, afterward Mrs. Lawrence Lewis. After services it was his wont to tarry upon the lawn before the church to receive his neighbors and friends in a pleasant chat of fifteen or twenty minutes. Then, handing Mrs. Washington and Nellie into their chaise or family coach-and-four, he mounted his favorite steed, his negro attendant holding the stirrup, and the party galloped off toward Mount Vernon, seven miles away. Following in their footsteps, we, too, come at the end of a short ride by trolley to Mount Vernon. Note the location of Mount Vernon on Map No. 1.

Position E. Home of Washington Preserved in Memory of the Republic's Founder, Mount Vernon, Va.

The fine old pile in front of us overlooks the Virginia shore of the Potomac sixteen miles south of Washington. It is of wood, cut and painted to resemble stone. It was built in 1743 by Lawrence, half-brother of George Washington, who gave it the name of Mount Vernon in honor of Admiral Vernon under whom he had served against Spain. Lawrence Washington died in 1752, and his estate passed to his only daughter. She soon followed her father to the grave, and young George Washington became the master of Mount Vernon. Here in 1759 he brought his bride; here he led the life of a planter until called to the field; thence he returned after York-

town, and again after his terms as President, and here he dwelt in dignified retirement until his death. Thus Mount Vernon has been for more than a hundred years a shrine of patriotism, and it is good to know that since 1860 it has been the property of the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association, and so of the Nation. The present ownership and administration secure the mansion against the ravages of time and the vandalism of unworthy visitors. Each room in the main building has been assigned to a State, and the lady regent of the State entrusted with its care supervises its restoration, preservation and appropriate furnishing. In this way the rooms have been brought back in the style of the life of Washington and fitted up either with furniture used by Washington or of his times. The largest room, usually called the banquet-hall or state dining-room, is now known as the New York Room. Peale's "Washington before Yorktown," given by the heirs of the artist to the Mount Vernon Association, hangs on the west side of the room. Washington is on horseback, and with him are Lafayette, Hamilton, King, Lincoln and Rochambeau. The picture is framed in the wood of a tree that grew on the farm of Robert Morris. The military equipments used by Washington in the Braddock campaign are shown in a glass case. The Washington family dining-room is now the South Carolina Room. The sideboard in this room is a veritable relic used by Washington and his family. It was presented by the wife of General Robert E. Lee, who wished it to go back in its original place.

Perhaps the most interesting relics in the house before us are those in the sleeping chambers on the second floor. "Lafayette's Room" has still the original four poster with heavy tester and hangings, and the desk and dressing-table, which served the marquis on his visits to

Position E. Map I.

the Washington family. The room of Nellie Custis has in it a quaint and beautiful chair which came over with Lord Baltimore; while the mirror by which she made her toilet and the steps by which she climbed into her lofty, curtained bed are still in their old places. In another room is a curious candlestick of Mrs. Washington's, an upright rod supporting a cross-beam, in each end of which is a brass candlestick, whose base, a tripod, rests upon the floor. The interest of the whole house, however, centres in the room where Washington died, and in which the years have wrought no change. The bed upon which he lay dying on a December day in 1799 stands in the same spot to-day. Near it is a light table stained with the marks of his medicine glasses, and at its foot the chair in which the faithful wife sat watching through all the weary hours, and upon which, when all was over, lay her open Bible. One who would have watched with her was absent from the room, sweet Nellie Custis, given in marriage by Washington to his nephew, Lawrence Lewis, on the evening of the 22d of February, 1799, the last birthday vouchsafed to the great man, lay in her chamber only a few steps off, with a new-born baby beside her. One must climb another flight of stairs to reach the room occupied by Mrs. Washington after this—a low, narrow-roofed room, very cold in winter, for there was no way of heating it, and hot when the summer sun beat upon it. Through its single dormer window, however, she could look out upon her husband's tomb, and there she remained until the silver cord which bound her to life was loosed and she went to join him in his long sleep by the river. Let us visit the spot where they rest side by side.

Positions E, F. Map I.

Position F. The Tomb of America's Greatest Citizen, Washington, at Mount Vernon, Va.

The tomb of Washington, as you see, is a severely plain structure of brick. The two marble sarcophagi visible in its ante-chamber hold all that is mortal of Washington and his wife. The one on the right bears on its face the name of Washington, with chiseled coat-of-arms of the United States and a draped flag. The other sarcophagus is graven with the legend, "Martha, Consort of Washington, Died May 21, 1801, aged 71 years." Strange to say the date is an error; it should have read 1802. The tomb to which we here make pilgrimage is known as the New Tomb to distinguish it from Washington's first resting-place which is hidden from view on our left. It was to the Old Tomb that in 1824 Lafayette paid his memorable visit. Seven years later it was broken into and rifled of a skull, which the ghoul mistakenly believed to be that of Washington. A more secure vault was then built, and the remains transferred to it.

The double gates which we see guarding the New Tomb recall a singular act of vandalism of the Civil War. These grounds of Washington's house and tomb were neutral during that conflict. They constituted the one spot upon which Union and Confederates could meet and fraternize. And it was while the pickets of both armies were thus at free quarters that an attempt was made to desecrate the sarcophagus. There was only one gate to the tomb at that time. The iron bars of this gate did not extend to the ceiling of the entrance. The man who committed the depredation climbed over the top of the gate, reached the sarcophagus, and broke a talon from the marble eagle above the receptacle. That was the extent of the act. This led to the con-

struction of the double gates which we now find shutting in the dead. So close are the bars of the two gates that when the place is strewn with flowers they are passed through the bars by means of long poles. Under the strictest orders of the Mount Vernon Association these gates are never to be open. After the double gate was constructed the outer one was locked and the key was thrown into the channel of the Potomac River. The channel was chosen because the Potomac is the haunt of oyster dredgers and fishermen, and they operate in the shallows, and the man who threw the key away was specifically instructed to drop it in the channel of the stream.

Position F. Map I.

NOTE.—If for any reason a person feels unable to purchase the complete Washington Tour we suggest the following eighteen standpoints: 1, 4, 7, 8, 9, 11, 14, 15, 17, 18, 19, 21, 22, 24, 25, 28, 33, 36, or twenty-four standpoints, adding the following four to the above: 2, 3, 5, 20, 27, 29.

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